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An Earih Poem

Gerda Dalliba



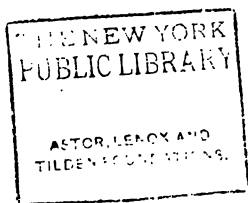


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Yvonne Nelson
Jan 11.5.1958.

Kelly.

AN EARTH PEOPLE
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
GERDA DALLIBA

Gerda Dalliba

From an etching by J. E. Kelly

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
EDWIN MCELROY

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AN EARTH POEM

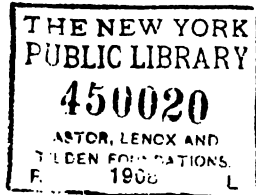
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
GERDA DALLIBA

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
EDWIN MARKHAM

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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1908





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To
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON
ONE OF THE NOBLE WOMEN WHO INFLUENCE THE LETTERS AND
VERSE OF NEW ENGLAND, THIS BOOK IS
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

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A Word of Introduction

HERE is a book that seems to me to have touches of the wild beauty which we have all agreed to call poetic genius. The strict craftsman will perhaps find blemishes and obscurities in the structure of these poems; but he will also find those rarities of thought and feeling that will be a delight. There is a rift of genius in this ledge of song; and genius is so rare and precious a thing that, wherever found, it should call out gratitude and not grumbling.

In "An Earth Poem," Gerda Dalliba sets forth in lyric beat her passionate thoughts about man and his long eons of evolution. Here life is touched in its vaster origins and issues. In the first part ("Children of Sod") man is seen in his mere sense-hunger and earth-wrestle. In the second part ("Children of Air") man begins to wonder over life and to send his restless heart across the stars. But in the last part ("Children of Sun") man dreams of the long purpose of God and fares forth in daring adventures of the Spirit. It is a strange poem that voices the unceasing flux of life. With her usual

daring of thought and phrase, the poet has attempted in this dithyrambic to give to science the wings of song, and to milestone the march of man from cave-dweller up to glowing seraph. Let me tear out of the pages a few of the lines.

Dead people hindered from their will and goal,
Leaving their silence as a cry to God.

Earth's breasts are built upon by steel and mail,
Her mouth is gullied with the Spit of Life.

Pinnacled endeavour
Such as praise
The sky with palaces and Earth with flaunt
Of large luxuriant kingdoms hiding want.

Only an hour to thrill and to be mad!
Be mad and free!
With feet that will move toward some love like mine,
Walking faint ether with my own soul's sound;
Then from our shrouds of ground,
Perhaps to be burnt with some torch
Of a woman's streaming hair.

This sonnet shows the unusual quality that tinges
all of the work of Gerda Dalliba:

I would be some vast, dead, gold sonneteer
Who heralds forth the crocus and the rose;
Or down the high mid-passage of the year
Blows blasts for empires that seek repose;

Or with the fall my latest period close;
Or as Apollo with gigantic cheer;
Or sadly hymn of death by blighting foes;
Or tell how last sun's rays shall disappear.

But all the time, my verse goes out to seek
Rivers that gently wander through the plains,
And with sleek winds sing the disturbless trees!
With accidental butterflies full meek,
Whose wing before the least of purpose wanes,
Or but go humming with the summer bees!

Here is the sextet of another sonnet—a mystic
cry of the heart:

Yet, sometimes in the syllabance of night
I catch an echo that is not mine own—
A parched long cry from some forgotten pain.
Hush! it may be my heart's voice void of tone,
Or a mute whisper from a life of light
Led in the past, that may not come again!

This quatrain from another sonnet whispers of
the old mystery of our fate:

Who threw the dust into the blind one's eyes?
Was it the Sandwoman near the shoals of Time
From her grey bag, that held with must and grime
The grains' compassion and the grim surmise?

We find a memorable *naïveté* and wildness in
the lines "To a Child":

O tender One, not ready yet to climb
 The ways of chance, scarcely so strong to creep. . . .
 Flaunt all the angels with their clumsy wings:
 Take for thy rattle earth and all its bells!
Chew on the world, and for thy rubber rings
Have thou the endless heavens and their hells!
 Take for thy playfellow a piece of space,
 And let man, as thy elder brother, run
 Playing for thee his game of tag and race,
 With thy rebounding ball, which is the sun!

These lines might have been written by Shakespeare's child:

Thy hapless eyes,
 Happy in their imprintment of thy dreams;
Thy brow the whitened beach for thought's loose tide;
 Thy cheeks a moor of berries, brown and red.

The bigness of Gerda Dalliba's concepts (sometimes dim in their outline) may be seen in her tumultuous poem, "The Gulf Stream." She cries to the ocean:

O sea!—
 Thou dost reach like a serpent, and bury the swan necks of
 Peninsulas, where
 The Isthmuses lie in thy lair!

But the noble vistas of this poet's thought are also seen in the historic sweep of her surging poem

“Peace.” Here we also discover the prodigality of her images and the affluence of her poetic fantasy.

The wide sympathies and affections of the poet come welling up in her last poem in the volume—the poem in memory of Grieg. There is a wildness in these sobbing chords:

To-night the violins around the world,
Played on by hands that seek to find joy's key,
Are touched with sadness down the four long strings.
Known or unknown there comes the wail of wings,
The resting bows unrosined send a plea. . . .

If the fastidious reader thinks that there is scarce a page of the book without its verbal fault, let me cheer him with the fact that there is scarce a page without its fresh phrases, its striking figures. Here are a few of these felicities:

How far is Heaven on a day in spring?

I hear a trumpet call across the sea,
A grey sound-lily breaking on a lea.

The oriole swings above a grave
And chirps as willingly above a cross,
As if young lovers plighted.

The bee
That now for ever hums,
Its gold feet set in Heaven's cups of chance,

A Word of Introduction

Its wings adrift in unseen air, like drums
Beating some unheard rhythm, small and free.

Thy name is Struggle! morn and noon and late
Thou castest thy dim will from void to void.
And in thy giant arm the little world
Nestles to thee in littleness and grief.

The lines I have quoted show the wild energy of this poet's work. But even better work will yet come from the pen of this brilliant woman; for she has imagination, colour, fire—and youth!

EDWIN MARKHAM.

NEW YORK CITY, 1908.

AN EARTH POEM

An Earth Poem and Other Poems

Preface to An Earth Poem

THE intent of this necessarily abstract and lyric poem is to express in words Man's needs, capabilities, and progress, accepting as a premise that, generally speaking his course has been one tending from the mere materialism of Nature to a more refined and spiritual outlook, as is the case with an individual turning from childhood's idealistic pantheism through the material of fact and divergent emotions towards the necessity of a formulated Deism, or the slow progression of the Mass by the care of civilisation and cultivation to a penetrating view of essential needs.

As it has seemed advisable to treat such an idea through a purely symbolic form I have divided this poem into three sections, viz: I. "Children of Sod," representing Man's first impulse which is material including a few of the cries of Socialism. II. "Children of Air," or a fantasy of personal affection for the presentation of Man's emotional and intellectual attitude with regard to his finite existence; and in III. "Children of Sun," making the daring assumption of some undefined purpose or God, using the sun purely as representing the vital unearth-bound seeking of the Spirit.

In these three sections I have prefixed the words Morning,

Preface to An Earth Poem

Noon, and Night, to unite the whole effort into the cohesive imagery of a day. Using the term Sun with Night has been intentional as I expressly desired to represent the passing on of the Spirit; also have I wished by the term Air in the Noon to express the evanescent and temporary quality of man's relationships in life; while the term Sod has its natural fundamental acceptance in what is most material.

In the limited space, owing to my own lack of knowledge I must ask the reader's pardon for such lapses in continuity and such defaults in argument as have occurred, hoping only therein to have suggested a few too pregnant facts and the fragmentary notion of an Ideal.

- I. Children of Sod.
- II. Children of Air.
- III. Children of Sun.

I

Children of Sod

(MORNING)

“Wait for the word is ever for the world!”—
I saw gigantic on the nether sphere
When to my eyes,
Heaven and all the skies
Bathed in sleep’s atmosphere
Were very near,
The mute Earth sitting in her wont disguise,
And through the fragrant passages of clouds,
That decked the wonder, human, dense, and wise,
And past the ways of stars and rolling shrouds
The vapours rise,
And then as through my tears
The Life, that on this Earth takes his sojourn,
And while I feigned to turn
Back from the sight again to Paradise
Where the lamps burn to make oblivion clear—
I could not go, but stayed as still in fear
To see which first, the Earth or Heaven would disappear.

But Heaven to me, because I was of clay
And looked upon the mortal and the dear
And saw the fiercer glories disappear
And something of the brightness pass away

An Earth Poem

As phantoms through the cloud reach of the dawn
Where the winds blew to spread the night astray,
As a black peacock for this ivory swan—
O'er which the gold sun seemed to bend and pray,
And I put my hot hands through sodding much
And strove with touch
To sanctify the day.

Then in the sky, as if the thorn of birth,
Still lingered on the young dawn's saffron rose—
I saw faint hills, the children of the Earth
When long ago it was with cloud and sea
She held communion, and as such still grows
One in the morning sun's intensity
They made the gateway for my bodied soul,
Through which descending knew I not the bars—
The hills, mirroring the lost realms to me,
The patient lovers of the ancient stars,
Keeping their moody watch eternally—
Dead people hindered from their will and goal,
Leaving their silence as a cry to God,
Then suddenly there came and walked abroad
A million sunbeams, chattering to the lea.

O Life, most vital mistress of our souls,
Finding at last thy reign in living tears
Have comfort on the great maternal Earth
Where is spread regal birth,
Above me and about me in the dawn
I felt the succour of a homeward heart,
The dimnesses of Heaven were withdrawn,
Slowly around the circuit of her breast,

A many-life like mine passed up and on,
Out from the sudden breaking of unrest,
The wind swang all the grasses of the years
To murmur, and the spring filled trees seemed bells
Upturned with tremulous greeting to the dome.
Her roof now only, the large heart that swells
The stems of many blossoms to their blooms!
The day that was pre-natal to the hills,
Looked on me, and as a God's bosom fills
The spaces in his life which makes them home,
I peopled void with the Earth's peopled tombs
And with her living blessings went apart!
A little space the night wakes in the dark,
As a child waits the great eternal sleep—
I paused, the pageants splendour went so deep
Of light, mooring her barque where seas are fair
Red and more red, as if to stain the rose
Vernal as if the Earth itself be lost
In its eclipse, till on her breast, O hark!
A bird as if its throat with song were crossed
Woke in a wonder, making light repose
In floods of passionate yellow through the air.

Children of Sod

Look up
Here is your Earth!
Look round, here is your Earth, your Earth and Sea!
And Wind convulsive, going into space,
And Sun, not high up in the lambent air
But here, O here, in globules on the pod!
The stem of bliss has given to his cup
Faint moisture, breathless dew, the tears of birth,

And burning filmy sands, and gatherous clay
That moulds and climbs, and seems to intertwine
Like threads of lace
For ye!
What will ye make of day?
What will ye have from all these things of growth?
Ye are their snare,
Ye make them, guide them into beings, take
Their deaths from them, now here, now everywhere
Their sweet surrender make
Your own, exaltant, loth.

As if hunger somehow were a sweet
The mouths of things about me brought forth song,
Piercing the sadness of the rounded sky
Yellow, dim, and long,
The notes as pollen round the hushed winds' feet—
Blown from gentle lilies near the ground.
Calyxed lilies of a dewy dye
Rose, and then merged their being into sound.

Yet was I hungry for the woe and weal
To feel, to feel!
And bring myself but quiet of the wound—
Hungry to die, if but to die were sound—
And all around,
The horn of death, the bleeding serpent wind
If but to find——.
But wait, for there is stir
Through the far hills it comes.
From silenced unaverred mysteriarchial domes
Unseen, yet fair.

Green kind leaves sweet
That swing about my head
And berry carpet 'neath my feet
All red!
Good Mother Earth,
The rich spill of thy womb
Is plenteous in grove and fruit and bloom,
As if thou wouldst thyself the barrier keep
Between the high, the brave,
The immortal Dome—
Except, save when upon thy breast,
Lies sleep
Sucking at milk of thy forgotten moon,
Taking thy children from thy regal arm
Unwotting of thy harm—
Unto a little quietness of rest—
As when the grass with dew is interspersed,
And sphered are all the drops of dew that weep
Upon the icy hill top, ice girt steep,
And sunken bay—
And myriad flowing wave,
As their environs change with dawn for day
So we at birth,
Hunger for whence we were returned to thee,
And very soon,
Our eyes grow heavy with a light immersed
In radiations for our own far home.
Dim night aloft
In his most spacial car
Rides around the circuit kernel of each star
As rides around the sheep the brown night jar!—
And lo, a feel of evanescence thrills

An Earth Poem

The mighty sconture of the waiting hills—
He passes in each sphere
Whose sunned gate
Grows black at his approach with shadows soft
As if about him sate
Kingdoms of Chaos, learning how to wait,
But yet, as in the flower a faint perfume
Circles the sightless beauty of its bloom
Some nether thought of furtherest morn to sin,
Souls wait upon the break, where souls begin,
Where sleep lies watching as a brother-tear
About their fleshly bodies' unused bier,
And lo, as he doth bend her form to win
He steals us blind without our casual wills,
—An odour which the soul of life distils—
Distils us till again, a boon on thee,
We fall a casual mutability.


Lo Earth, as thou dost hire
From Heaven the seed, the growth, the pod,
Thou hirest us—The Children of thy Sod!
And our desire:
I hungered and was fed,
I yearned
And slept,
Marking the seasons' gourd, whereon was swept
The brackened bed
Laid rushwise on the mountain,
In the fields,
On beach sands, or in deserts for my head.
For unto Earth I was most closely wed
Most tirefully wed—and wed alone!

Children of Sod

11

It seemed almost I turned
And was of stone;
For my lost voice
I haunted pool and fountain;
And my eyes' light I sought to blind at even
In friendly light, as if then must the skies
Hold answering orbs to mine
From quiet Heaven.
Through arrases and under bush of tree,
To dream upon a curved mouth like mine own
Much gazed I at the faint arch of the moon;
And sought by this, and subtle imagery
Combining red acacias with her shape,
To form a human mouth
Where might escape
A kiss, a word,
To solace my despair
When winds were fragrant in the summer air,
But nothing answered me,
And nothing stirred—
Save growth in her eternal work and swoon
Most like a nun beside a constant loom
Of birth and tomb!
Naught made me then rejoice—
I but endured the spirit's will, that yields
The maiden springs, that travelled from the South
With bird and after promises of bliss.

Then through the heart there ran as on a string,
The wayward promise half remembering—
That naught was alien to the fledgling brood,
That circles in the pool ran round a ring



An Earth Poem

As twined horizons clustered to the down,
That many berry bunches made a crown,
That water streams on oceans' hands were laid,
That trees re-echoed in a lighted shade,
And moth should measure filmy wing with wing,
And bird on bird
As husbanding a wife,
Was mutably heard,
Till all averred,
That Touch was Life—!
That brotherhood was king—!
In this sequestered world o'er solitude—!

Yet must I wait;
For in my heart not yet
Could I the skies entirely forget—
Whose inner vault kept its serene estate,
A balsam and a balm—
By disagreeing shifts.
By freedom's calm,
And proffered gifts,
As rain before the seed
Came ere the need
Where mighty pulses spake their Master's will—
To answering pulses in the midnight still—
Lest he should wake, and long, and find no fill,—
Lest that grave moment which doth integrate
The particles of Time
Which ever climb,
Should rise, and wake,
The slumber keeping harmony, and break

The spell provided to the insensate—
Or the At Once should famish and grow chill.

Therefore I kept the leisure of the boon,
Waiting its longing to descend and be
A longing unto me—
For soon, O soon,
Should come the wayward Children of the Sod—
Traversing hidden paths of destiny,
Where the dawn mists across the hills had trod—
Unbind my single chain and let me free!
And now, a gladness swept into the birds' free song of bud
and pod.

There are two ways to draw beatitude—
Yielding of self, or straining to its mood,
Yet all is yieldment to the consecrate.
When the Sod Children woke, I knew, I knew!—
I had not wronged their birth,
And that they came,
When their own souls inherited such flame,
As from their fires of being brought blood rife
Pentless and strong like mine—
Of which as yet
I could not fathom,
Of a purpose set
In struggle; as if either side of life
Was placed in giant hands a protoplasm
Continually disturbed,
From whence did flow
The stream of being converged there, and herbed,
And then left in my hands the tenure of its strife—

As if my burden pulse to obligate
With time and rue—
And for myself with weight of it to grow
To earth,
Groping as alien for the closed divine.

And yet they come—
My voice seems to be dumb,
The Rose of Form
Has closed the latest petals to her heart—
The Children of the Sod arise
And part.
Then muttered
The storm
Of wind, which from the Heaven blows
To train the body to its sacrifice!—
As in the evening cullers of the grape
Who twine the vine,
The while they steal from it the globes of wine,
So use the spirits this immortal shape!
So graft they here Contagion from Repose!
First—One, I saw at evening as he lay
On tarnished rim of bay,
From out his shape as from an ivory close
His young faint spirit fluttered;
Then there came
A sea girt wave upon his cheeks like flame
And he arose,
Remembered how such drowsy weariness
As then beset him
He himself had chose
The weight of body with its chain and stress

And went away, as if he should depart.
 Then heard I, One,
 Whereon
 The mountains stray
 The pines and the white sheep,
 Calling as if from sleep
 A gentle plaint
 Unutterably deep,
 And through the dim
 It seemed as if the voice that gave it, faint,
 As odour of the pine
 Must moor itself, again
 In realms of lesser pain.
 For from no human mouth could come divine
 Save from the gates of being, such a strain;
 And many times, frail breaths
 Did intervene
 With silence,
 Many times did forms appear
 To lose themselves again in shadowy screen,
 As if Life were the harmony of deaths—
 While all the Earth in one glad jubilee
 Rose into sound and colour, as to call
 The footsteps back to wander in her hall,
 The stranger form upon her bosom free—
 To wander and to feast
 As bird and beast
 From her bronze body here!
 The Mother, knows no violence
 But offers in the sacredness of troth
 To Life, and Growth,
 From her twin bosoms stained as berries red

The milk of love—
While the broad heavens, shed
Their dews and sunlights on her from above!

Ah! here in this warm meet,
Unsundered from the skies, awake and be
Not incomplete,
Since yearning turns
To angelise her face,
And here, still burns
The grosser matter round the sacred shrine,
Where votive fires, set beneath the eyes
The lit lamp of the heart,
That such incense,
Goes up to the immense
As there doth solemnise,
Man's marriage and embrace,
To childbirth plotting for heredity—
Making Earth and kindred twine
With chance and space,
With devious spells of art,
A retrospect of ordained grace!

The trees are bells,
O let their melody
Sing loudly heavenward with tune and spells
Of changure, here!
And let the mockery
As doth the year
Garnished with seed and fruit, stability
Make wide the horn of plenty through the land!—
And spread the misty breathings of the clod

To tone!
 Children of brain and hand
 Of joy and moan,
 Till songs like birds be lifted from the strand,
 Children of Sod—
 To clamber the unknown.

Yet one I hear among ye wake alarm
 So slightly first, as if at evenings' gloom,
 The laced wings of a moth fell on its tomb,
 Or puerile sounding of a famished harm
 That soon must die
 Upon its mother's arm,
 Since Earth is Joy, and Earth is Motherhood,
 And all the proved stars shine above the world,
 What wouldst thou more?
 What more would have the brood?
 What more would they have held?
 Has one drop of the ocean lost its shore?
 Or petal closed at night that cannot wake
 By transmigration into change of growth?
 Or autumn winds unwebbed a too late nest?
 Or other law, save glad futility
 That wastes to make
 Been broken?
 Crown on Crown,
 And Soul on Soul, they pour across the down—
 These later children into Life's device—
 These Children of the Sod, to build and use
 Nature and clay, with starry sky girt eye
 Accustomed now to choose
 Strife, habitudes,

Environment, and rest,
Sacrifice,
Light, gatherings together, solitudes,
Sign, token
Of day and night—from crimsoned east and west—
Of omnipresent air, and circling sea,
Of Time, and Tide, and pause
Of Cause
Making insensate laws
Of constant energy now fain, now loath,
Causing reverberation whose degree
Gives unto Life its immortality!

What echo small
Of pain runs down the long frequented hall
To challenge thought
With link of mystery?
Is there a change in changure,
A new garb worn by breed of known entity?
Or milk of mouth with other substance caught?
Nay,
Naught could then endure
A shrinkage of least bliss.
The Children of the Sod, by night and day
Are drawn down—
And from the vast and hierarchical crown
Choose Earth to kiss
For their entirety,
They lift the loadstone, then upon their shoulders high
And sing
The pæan of the Touch!
Their kingdom grows

Folded more close the petal of their rose.
The summers pass, the winters are on wing
To pass the southern fire back to spring,
It is too much!—
The mind turns on itself,
A wasp doth sting
A useless flower,
A wanton bat doth crush
A ray of moonlight on the evening turf,
A human cognisance of need
Has spread
Disaster through the breed,
The while the horn of plenty comes to shed
Its benediction,
And the ground refulgent is with summers' nutriment.
One has put foot on pelf,
Has stolen from another,
Though all the sky is pure of dye,
Though the great Mother
Her ritual of harvest doth augment.
From stretch to stretch of surf
No leisure no omission,
Necessitates the friction.
Save, from the Mind is born—
There grew this thorn!
This strange low sorrow in the happy morn!
This pain in sound, and vision,
This low call in the hour,
Amid the flush!—

Is not the Mind, also a power?
A grower amid growth?

A parasite that calls itself a god?
O Children of the sunburnt Sod,
Ye were her latest visibility,
Waited for and beheld
A louder seed, from which all small seeds cower,
Should ye not see?
Should ye not have your fruit,
Wherewith to weld,
An outgrowth from the tangle of the root? .
A great inherent possibility
For self dominion?
The flower has its leaf,
The bird its pinion,
A subtle will, formed of the Earth and Air
Has claimed for all Life fair
A portioned climax and a mastery!—
Of kind to kind,
From brood to brood,
For birth and food,
For birth and breed.
Did not the flower break
For its own sake
The willing seed?
The fledgling of the eagle learn to soar
And rest no more
Above the nested mother, where his wings
Should droop and fail?—
Or slow song be content because there sings
One parent bird,
The while young throats grow strong
With music which its primal impulse stirred,
Sweet—long—?

Or shall this pale,
 This sin, then moan itself to utter grief,
 Or for revenge the naked hours go shorn by palsied age and loath?
 Or, shall the Mind
 Among the mourning children have content
 To remain blind—
 Inconsequent—
 Hid from the upward splendours of the world?

Wan Sin,
 Forgive
 All those who live!—
 And who would let thy veins
 Begin
 To bleed forth pith on their circumfering way,
 Or should gainsay
 Thy pallid death to nothingness;
 Or round about thee poisoned ivys twine
 Which run
 In a contagion,
 As doth breathe forth the green pith of a storm
 In lightning from the Sun!
 Let soft evasion
 Since Pity has the wisdom to be kind
 Rather bind up the wounds of even Sin—
 Forget, and as within
 Joy is reborn
 With lack of meditation,
 Compress the sting, the vampire and the thorn,
 The first but not unconquerable pains
 Bring from their form
 The healer of negation;

For see, the Mind
Which wounds itself may bless,
And yield a consecration to its shrine!

The Children of the Sod gather, forget
The unaccustomed fret,
Their minds repured by habit of large bliss
Can this
Remeasure
And reheal.
For while the nourishment of woe and weal
Be planted in the Sense 'sidereal pleasure,
And need shall rest within Earth's nutriment
It will be sent,
Be drawn to the valley and the field;
As to the sea a vacancy is given
Where it may weave its vapours,
As atmospheric snows the mountain's crests have driven,
To merge and mingle with the cloud that tapers
Over the height,
As penetrateless dark is cloak for night,
As form the flowers, pre-organic scent
Growth shall co-ordinate with spill of flesh
And nature to it yield
Her pliant hands as shapers
Till more red
The berry in its mesh,
And more the grain doth tip
The reach of land to draw the sky at lip,
As if the very heavens had bent and kneeled
In interchangel wild
Beside the Earth, the Mother to their Child!

The one of pelf
Could draw not Nature's generosity,
Nor make a cry of want
Save in himself
At first.
Yet all the Children took one chosen haunt,
Deserted plenty,
Chose frugality
For the last hunger's quenchment,
Yearned, grew warm
With terminalless fire,
Sought commune as a mountain herd in storm
Or swarm of bees that underneath the sun
Still cluster into one,
For their desire
Was as a flower's thirst
For the dew's passioned intergality,
The scarlet blood of Heaven's royalty,
For purposes the same through entity
Found here their trenchment,
Made their circle fine
As visionless casualties combine
The splendid far hills left to breed the kine.

Then first the Mother dreamt of solitude—
That alien lands through centuries must wait
For the oncoming of her knowledged kin,
Still for her long predestined purpose sate
Watching the four great cleavures of her wind
Till in the lure of the titanic Mind
Swept from the gates of past heredity
Should come the Children of the Sod with sin

Ring the land and sea
With the tumultuous cry of their predestiny!
And while the stellar poles
Should become populate
By the migrate,
With breath grown spiritual, as if the souls
Breathed of celestial vapours perforate,
The Sun which now above her sphere still rolls
Should slay her life when his rays terminate,
And should therewith fall heaven on the brood.

For watch, from skies the great ancestral Mind
Born for a purpose wreaths the purpose more,
Too sensitised at last
The recreate becomes creative,
Tangles upon itself,
Gathers not only from its harvest pelf
But many forms of weird transisity.
Driving the body on to reinstate
The quickened motion of its wayward kind,
Beating the sunlight on an alien shore,
Driving more folk before its pinions fast
As nears the Eagle the sequestered Dove,
Repopulating laughter, light, and love,
Till from the crowds fresh smaller crowds disperse
To the Sod Children's Children's Universe,
Who rehearse
The parent trial in echo
Till the slow
Procession overrides in strength the loss,
As unto gods a ritual is paid
For Growth by Life,

For Entity by pain,
 And Earth in her fierce bliss again doth strain
 To live
 The fire through her hands that sacrifice.
 More shores that wake beside the tidal sea
 The pressure of the wandering feet now cross,
 More berries red in Southern lands grow rife
 To feed the lips which unto them are laid,
 Upon fresh roots the foster children wait
 To watch the rose in the horizons rise.

Yet what is this, that makes the land swept clay
 Lend to these feet their all accustomed way,
 Is it a sudden yieldment?
 Or can the lesser matter, Mind gainsay?
 Or was the plotting with the dadeal stars
 More recompense to Earth for Motherhood
 Than for her first young brood?—
 Plotting upon her bosom e'en for scars?
 For here they dig long wells of stagnant floats
 In inland mere
 To draw pure water with, and one may hear
 A voice from a stone crevice set so high
 As to regard the blue sweet orifice,
 This by the Mind, all this,
 Spotting each new born-child with will, to see
 Temples to Use that shall not pass away;
 Now a huge city hurtles on a bay,
 A clan has pitched its tent athwart the wave
 And sails it with frail boats,
 While all the lea
 Is cobwebbed into huts

Where he may save,
His nightly rest from storms in caves and juts
Of midnight oceans nigh.

Nature! behold
Thy child becomes thy active minister!
Upon his will
Thy sterile grafture's innermost intent,
He would aver
That thou art more than thou,
Of stronger mould,
He would incent
Thy innermost endeavours with his skill,
Till passing all thy reproductive years
Which do thyself fulfil
With all his pregnant possibility,
Thou shalt become imbued and reinfused
Till the next laws,
—The laws of the Progression and the Cause,—
Shall slowly by a gradual fret and change
Increase thy largeness, suppleize thy range
By evolution strange,
Till thou shalt place,
Within the bowl of motion thy bronze brow,
Sinking in seas of tears
Where night on climbing ocean builds her biers—
Thou most engendered, thou most freely used
Shalt kneel and hide thy devenustated face!

Wreath of the Mind,
Thou art most strangely set,
As thee I find

On forehead of the Earth,
On her red breasts
Thou twinest thy way of spotted berries red,
That seems to be thy heart—
While into wreaths of rests,
Of tangled smoke,
Thy ultimate being riseth,
As if to crown almost the frequent air.
Yet O not yet!
Thou but createst, low
On the grave sod which gave to thee thy birth
Manifestations of thy later creed,
Building thyself for comfort born of need,
Till need grows larger in her wanton way
Which thou by pelf didst cherish
To gainsay
The ground which would all nourish;
The while thy bed
Was made of grasses fair
Such, as thy temples pleasantly, rewoke,
And now thou, to whom thyself these things
Must mend, for thy reprieve despiseth
Far stranger nooks,
Mute wings
Must start,
For chilled limbs house of shelter where to lie
In winter nights, building fires within
The hearthstone piled with wooded shackles thin,
Must plant thy geld thereby,
Beside material brooks
Lest haunt of food be distanced from the kin,
Thus art thou chained to labour, and still more

Thou chooseth men to work about thy door,
And keep thy hearthstone clean,
Thou ownst thyself!
This is the uttermost conceit of pelf:
Or else, thou fat, shalt pay him who is lean,
To work at growth, or to resow thy pod.
O Children of the Sod,
Gaze on such lights as still above ye lean,
And see between your villages the green
Of verdant hills and far horizon's sky,
This is the long procession of the Mind.
For self enlargement to become unkind,
Take heed—
Ye multiply
The outward signs by close of inner eye.
Do not become all blind!
For ye must have increase, in other form
Although Injustice sweep
His talisman of storm
Around the moist dews which incessant weep!
Behold your monument, strange, unused, sweet
All things, all outward show,
Even all greed,
All pomp in chain,
Are for your own mentality
Your brain—
All graftings come to range them on this meet
For here it was ye thirsted for your gain,
And here by effort and heredity
And then
By strength of labour and in labour pain
What ye desired most has come to be—

O that ye were more wise!—
From this fair temple looked upon the skies
Where Evolution, by a stranger cross
Shall repay doubt and loss.
To him laid waste within the wilderness
Shall most confess.
But are ye not regenerated free?
Shall ye not with a faster motion swing
In upper faster Air the wound and sting
Till vacant soul shall be its harbouring?
Yet watching on the ground
Ye revel sight and sound:
The while the rivers flow
By cities, and by towns, and blandishment of men!

O scarlet profanations,
That lie across the main!
Like crimson flowers, and fruit of the great brain,
Your names are Nations!
And, amid the fane
Hurtle the Children of the Sod again!

The gathered stars look down
On the Earth's crown,
Half thorn, half petal, half desire, half pain.

Children of Sod look up,
Here is your Earth!
Here is your Air!
And here your World
Squat like a mammoth Urchin of the Sea,
Congealing selves to selves continuously!

A monstrel of a hybrid breed,
Red, bleared,
Contagious, omnipresent, sightless, torn
Of molecular cells collateral!
Long vampire contagions sting the rose of morn,
Its petals heave and weld,
Now amid flames the ghost of fire stalks.
Earth's breasts are built upon by steel and mail,
Her mouth is gullied with the Spit of Life
As if by foes,
Yet frail
Still grows the Evil that the hearts assail,
And pelf remet by putrefaction here
Recalls alone his solitary tear.
Progress, with perturbations, learns to walk—
Children seize hours between death and birth—
All labyrinthed and canyoned is the hall—
Where trembling grew the seed—
Within its cup
Import, the will most feared
Lies in his lair,
Whose she-wolf has become predestined strife,
At whose lean udders sucks the cub of woes.

Habitude or habiliment
Wherein
Existence's filament
With din
Of noisy hands
Wanders upon the lands,
Is shifted, but is left,
While more and more,

Contagious life circles the land and shore,
 Shifting its bearings into its degree
 Has cleft
 Its pageant out of form, to be
 One circumstance
 With ever gain, still riding in advance,
 And ever pain riding across the Mind,
 And ever that which ever rides behind,
 And ever loss for those who fall by chance
 Beneath the gain's oppressing heavy feet,
 Run to the coveted and tortuous meet
 That lies beyond the region of the storm
 Where shoulders halt and life takes on fresh form.

Slow Need, that lies an underpulse between
 Genesis and the stars,
 Not yet, thy fill
 Has fallen from Man's bounteous cup of will;
 Progression, as too fast a snail has crawled
 Towards spiritual bars,
 And left thee still
 Waiting beside a portal and a screen.
 Thou Socialism, on whom now
 Men called
 Men call!
 Thou Right! O thou
 Replenishment of growth for all!
 To find out food, was easy to attain
 By scavenger of the material plain.
 Then stroke the rich impetuous for the Sun
 Where faster gains o'er run
 The aperturing Heaven of his Mind,

But chide him not, that therewith he did go,
For he, nor left behind
Struggle nor rue
In his departure hence,
He did but recommence
The ground strife in the air of sterner blue,
And battled on to violent kingdoms raise,
As if his wealth in higher state before
Of pinnacled endeavour
Such as praise
The sky with palaces and the Earth with flaunt
Of large luxuriant kingdoms' hiding want,
Nor all the purpled shrouding of the King
Could hide the just, the preordained sting.
The Earth is kind,
She has no will to taunt,
Nor Hierarchies can obscure the Spring,
Nor Monarchy her sovereign summer daunt!
Each year, she takes to breast her own changeling.
No use, or over use makes sterile clod, and fret
Entirely as yet,
Nor shall until
A riper fruit shall fall for Man within
Her long anticipated deathly thrill,
Although much tenanted the marshes bright and dull,
The grove, and hill,
The meadow, and the harbour by the sea,
She still hath room for ye!
Below her breast
Her loins lie long, and full,
And they who came upon her bosom first
Knew hunger and knew thirst;

And, though this answers not
The lot—
And the re-urged plea,—
We win—
Have patience, for the quest
Which for so long has been, so long confessed—
Life, comes upon the clue of entity,
Prepared his chamber for the waiting guest,
The later Child of Sod shall have his share,
Nor disproportioned shall become his fare.
The first sons' turn even without their will
Whose unseen law guides them to make again
For ye such labour as was theirs—to till
The harvest, and be reapers of the grain—
Ye shall have all made plain!
Till ye their ground of Mind!
Heredity, not fast
From sire to son, but long and vast,
Blinded by Life, but seems to make ye blind.
No change from the primordial doth appear,
Within the earth's rotation of the year,
Nor are ye heirless of her sane decree,
The problem is potentiality
Of Spring and Autumn, burdensome with Fate,
Upon the seeds of labour ye must wait,
Sowing the Consequence by which ye came,
Flinting the fire not to fire but flame,
With all the end of Destiny the same!
Mark ye, one drop most silently doth fall,
And drop on drop
Till all the drops in all
In one supernal globe of moisture stop!

Knead ye, the rich man's bread, O Socialist.
The kernel has its single weight of grist
And as ye knead it by your urge, not haste,
No single particle of yours shall waste
Its bounty from its goal, your palate's taste
And yet
Not yet!
Can we forget,
Not yet the question of the starving mouths unsatisfied
Has been replied—
Though arguments may twist
Around themselves, until theirself is mist.
Forgive, recede then, battle for your gain,
As your own children's children shall for pain,
For purple robes urged by heredity,
Faster than on the first man, fall on ye,
Tutored, endorsed, encouraged to be fane.
Until at last all children's children's brain
Shall cry on oceans, of the mute soul's sea!
Return,
The earth is never still the same,
The fire that burned, growing at last to flame,
Shall pass into a heat that has no name,
The seas that seem a large stability
Come weeping on fresh shores
That burn,
Nations decree
The rampant land that held the torch at doors
Of towered cities cease,
And with fresh pall
Stretch on through witnessed laws
Of Genesis and Stars,

—To where these floors—
Earth's loins, the long beginning, grass and tree—
Kingdoms are waged for mutability,
Shall migrate kingdoms to fresh unity.
And as the seas run higher up to peace
Scaling the Heavens which each eve they won
Earth shall at last be gathered to the Sun!
The future is a dream, while yet we cause
Ourselves to bend a while this side
The bars,
Save as the past has taught us to make free
Struggle and urge, plaintive heredity,
And day falls on our day of bitterment:
Strive for the bread, without it no content
Has ever been, nor has yet ceased to be.


O piteous later sons,
Although we stand
Waiting with subtle speech at our command
To mark the visionary path of good,
Still have we not withstood
The hardships and the bitterments ye bear?
Nor felt the lash of that same brotherhood
Which lingers in your damage and your care.
We hunger not, nor know your need for food,
Or knowing it have put it idly by.
Then try,
Try harder still to climb and drink our blood—
I mourn with ye! I mourn
Such vain-set gain as unto ye is born!
With tears I cry the lamentation loud,

And utter the portentous prophecy,
The poor that go unslacked become a crowd
That shall arise in armies, like the sea
That can reurge all power, in justice nude
Of all sleek garments save her servitude!
I call with every man of hungry mouth,
I weep for working women's need of sleep,
And children who in tenements grow weak
With famished bodies, the same time they grow
To manhood's unretrieved impartial woe.
My heart would burst
For those who least may thirst,
Or those who were by pitiless labour stung,
Would run to bear them fruitage of the south!—
Would climb the mountains, since upon the peak
The snows in pity for man's colder mood
Should grow one withered single bulb of food,
And seeking for such aid would inward seek
Lest in my brain should lurk a comfort hung
Beneath my knowledge—deeper than self is deep!—
As if within a tangled wood I foraged,
As if thereby be storaged
A mercy carven on a trunkless tree!—
Would bring them betterment, than to be free
Of merely starving aid perpetual,
—Catching a sign which from the made mind fell
Before myself upon such self could brood—
Such good, as their inheritors must see
When with more force and lesser enmity,
All will for one last mutual decree.

There is an urge that sings with voiceless song

Through the long centuries, mute, frail, still strong,
Where Vishnu wrote where Homer hung his lyre,
Where Dante's hells are hung with halls of fire,
Where sons of men leave echoes of their plight—
A record which the gods themselves requite
With immortality—and these starved eyes
Long to behold, with hunger brought to sight,
For senseful feel of Earth more deep than sleep
Here is enscrolled
In sign and symbol souls of great men cowed,
In priesthood of grave letters,
Teaching the ready mind, to reconceive
Its own frail child of thoughtage.
Here allow, O leave
Opened the pages for the ones who grieve!
There are no lessers, and there are no betters,
But he who has a wit on each wrought page
May spell the vacant words to sweet or ire
Unto himself, the message strain and keep
Proportioned only, as he may be wise.

A pool is in a desert;—
Now but throw
A stone within, and mark the eddies flow!
A child his right of childhood doth assert—
Untutored he, each year of weal and care
Becomes a little more the harbinger.
O though it be unwise to lift the plough
From out the labourer's hand, this much allow
That he may be the second child who now
Takes on his lips the waters as a vow!
The desert is not set apart from Life



Where manual labour chains her kith and kin,
Growth which conquered flesh to make it rife
For so much labour, starts to grow within—
And the sweet pool wherein the waters rise
Is Knowledge. Let him drink, no sacrifice
Of clay can keep the Heaven from his eyes!


What will come forth? A little will he gain,
Then tumult, as the great reprieve of pain
Then insurrection, but upon his sight
Must fall the great predestined weight of light.
At last the vanguard of the longest train
Shall near the destined port, the wisdomed brain
Ride through the mountains and the marsh amain!
The biceps of the arm followed the thought
Which had designed which way it should be caught,
Whether by swinging of scythe, weight of spade,
Or drive of oxen through the burnished glade—
Let it encompass labour or be naught!
One frightful cry
Men's hearts send up to lie
Upon the bosom of the naked sky,
Let us be taught!—O let our souls be taught!—
Nay, feed the starving, let the books decrease,
Or feed them as ye feed yourselves at least,
Till over all as if above the feast
The Dove shall harbour with her Wings of Peace.
But O, not so,
As waves on the pool flow,
Comingle all, but all on further go.
I look into the pool, and now I see
Virtue has hand of reason to decree

The larger Purpose, the fulfilling Goal—
Crown every brow with wreath of Charity
Until all intercircle to the whole.

I have a thirst with every parching lip,
I have a hunger with each yearning mouth,
I choke my dust, and with some water sip
The earth's intentioned sands which bring me drouth,
I sleep in carnal beds of earth be-dire,
I lay my face as others to the air,
I will, since will can greater right prepare,
But use,
And not abuse,
And still aspire,
Upon Earth's comforts, over her despair.

The sod in summer fields is rich and red
Ready so succour berries and full grain,
The Earth shall laugh her mother throes of pain
Away and fill her lap with spoils for men,
Most utter and unconquerably then
Wisdom yourselves and seek to look ahead !

Bread, bread ! We cry for every hungry mouth,
Yet know not how much cometh from the wheat,
Nor know not through the winters of the crop,
Nor how the green heads foster at the top,
Nor gauge not through the spring its harvestment,
Nor have in ourselves power to tell how long
Must be the hunger nor the quenching it.
Death blooms, like a pale bud within the south
Opening where passeth the dawn's vagrant feet



Unseen by men, and lives like parasites
Around the branched tree of heaven grope,
Tangled in length by the great length of it
Somewhat for hope,
As strings follow their measured instrument—
And deaths are interwoven unto bread.
O tell, low song,
The arid deaths of sods upon the fields,
The deaths that happen even in a night,
Day deaths of suns, and season deaths of rain,
Changure of weather, deaths of heaven's will
For ill and good that pulsate through the seed,
Strange deaths of passage through it to the root,
Stem deaths by crushure, choking deaths by weed,
Growth deaths by chance, and chance deaths yet again
By garnished wealth of being which each grain
Unto the master touch of nurture yields,
Nutriment deaths which make its passage still
To purpose, and above them all the need
Of strength in hand, in heart, in limb, in foot
Of its consumer or consumers, hence
O Life, thy dream is but an aftermath,
An ornament to bread's dear eloquence—
Rather than breath, the sound which comes from breaths—
Life's consequence and not the life that hath
Its intertangled being in these deaths,
Man deaths through bread deaths
And so good or ill.—

Then what is it we crave
Of this dear Earth save quantity of its own working stuff?
Sleep, bread enough?


What altars yet can raise imagined thought
 Of altars, till we banish for a space
 Dread of starvation, starvant suicide;
 Until on bread and strength we breed a race
 Standing fed and awakened o'er the grave
 Of premature conquerage,
 Until no longer falters
 Blood in its charnel chalice of wreckage,
 Compelling all surrendering heavens wide
 To bring forth future births from life self wrought
 Upon the tide
 That alters?

Sleep deaths sometimes are closure deaths, where twine
 The convex vortices their perfect wholes--
 Such sleeps are body sleeps, wherein the souls
 Forever mutable triumphant climb,
 And something of their inner selves divine—
 Such hourly deaths of sleep, as through deep time
 The widow for the orphan strives to keep,
 Sleep deaths, O husband lying neath the deep
 What alien surf upon thy dead bones sweep?
 Deaths through sweet sleeps of labouring alloys,
 Sleep deaths of joys,
 Mere nightly sleep deaths, visitants of calms
 That lie upon sweet girls and fainting boys
 And then awake them for the morning alms,
 Labourers' sleep deaths whereon the heavy balms
 Of strong oblivion crown the brow of toil,
 Passion sleep deaths of man and woman's moil,
 Sleep deaths of age, matures who seek the skies
 To grow of the new home a little wise,

Sleep deaths of soldiers ere their last death field,
All these to mortals yield
A competency in the self's recoil
To Life, ere it shall seek that alien death
Which cometh once upon the lips of breath,
The dear accustomed hands, the feet which cease
And are laid lowly in their shroud of peace.

What factor in the world doth steal ahead?
What has reaction unto labour wed?
What is this bee
That now forever hums
Its gold feet set in Heaven's cups of chance,
Its wings adrift in unseen air, like drums
Beating some unheard rhythms small and free?
The Earth with mount and vale becomes its hive,
The wayward tenure of all circumstance
Leans to it fervently,
And now it stings with sweet what is alive,—
Draws all the pistilled juice the world has bred—
Upon its back the pollen of the skies—
Swarms upon swarms arise—
The world succumbs—
The buzzing sound grows louder, fills the sea—
The interchange of goods converge—coerce,
Half boon, half curse,
Half symbol, and half sign,—
Commerce!
Stretching its laboured wings to the Divine
Winds its contagion round the Universe!

And shall I ask my song




How long? how long
Ago, was built a tomb whereon was laid
To sleep deep, unafraid
Frail labour's corpse as man's necessity?
Or, shall I say
How near the pith and kernel of the core
Where first the apple in young Eden lay
Hath cast its royal flesh and juice to stay
Man's hunger?
Which soft meadow green
Was slumber's screen?
Nay, nay,
Since younger
Then his first birth
The tired Earth
Plotted the scheme creative—
Plotted in love for her own child's dismay
The golden bee,
The bees that seeking her she bore
That he might have a thing wherewith to play,
Wherewith to torture those who for it live
Should he grow weary on her holiday.
The void should lend him vision of its sight
The output of the fruit, when it shall gain
The evolution upward, should not seem
To him an emptied dream,
But bring him promise in its dying year,
A link where he might chain
A wonder and a fear,
A promise, an expectancy, a gain—
And thus for him even the cloud swept rain
Took on a vest of moisture like his tear


That after artifice had ceased, e'en when
He should outgrow himself his chrysalis
The knowledge of mute things to comprehend
Then—then,
Should mark the link, so unutterably unseen—
The ways his patient brothers take to wend
Their purpose to a large serenity,
Non-fugitive
But all for even higher life than this,
Before the long dim closure of her night.

Bend O mute systems
Now your charts and plan,
Now bend them upon man!
For lo,
Even as returned tides in waters flow
He would himself outgrow!
O laboured bees
Sing ye of Death's almighty mysteries?
Or but the harmless marriages of these—
The cause of intercoursial innocence?
No more! No less!—
The hummings of the bees hang in the bell
As echoes of Thought's lost least syllable
But the same time there stems
Innoculate of iron irritance
More labour sweating, then command of sense.

The while Invention, as the dissonant bell
We ring to skies with plottings of our own,
Such combinations as bring tune from tone,
Striking it with a gong by which lives tell



How they grew capable,
For matters when they meet
Will lend to man a stranger child, grown sweet
With elements of one another's spell—
Wood of trunk of tree,
Pearls that in oceans dwell,
Gold from deep mines, and uncarved ivory
From tusks of elephants that desert suns
Have bleached to white, and wreaths of coral runs
Beneath the tide of waters lazuli,
Iron and ore, bamboo and grain split straw,
Liquids and spices, oils and cinnamon,
All simple solids that once being won
Became by man's endeavour protean
And spilt these laws,
Wool from the sheep, and cotton from the root
All chemicals that tide,
All hinds that ride
On creatures that above the moist sods ride,
These, and far others by his hands are tried,
Leashed and regoverned by his aptitude,
Give up their solitude,
Bend to that inward bell,
Which cruelly doth all progression tell,
We form, we make, we use, we buy, we sell!—
And in the change shall view all changes swept
Before his path,
All secrets, mutabilities, once kept
Within the heart of Nature's Motherhood,
All strivings of her brood,
The lands beneath the sea
Whose trumpets called the sods which upward crept,



The pulses of grass seeds whereon were wept
Ages from Heaven's perpetuity,
The Naiad spirits of the self-dwarfed tree,
And then the Insurrection, when he can
As animals who raise the forward hoof,
Raise slowly one by one his still set feet!
And for his soul have crimson Heaven's roof
And for his Mind
The closures of the wind—
And beatings sweet,
Conning himself in spiritual guise entire
A shape transmuted through long trial
By use, than by denial—!
Here is the angel born!—here in this shell
Of crystallising Sense!
All goods once graced
Here have the ages placed
Each century the sky of ocean higher,
And the full star of Inspiration more
Shines on human shore,
In consequence!
Capacities like lower stars have set,
And rising from their fret
Hangs the pale orb of the ineffable!
Our countenance by what we feel now traced
Is as the silent sign of Imminence!—
So into larger secrets we inquire.

Now I forget, again an arid strip of land
I see, run
As if a mountain
That totters like a turtle

Then is free
To breast its bulk upon the round rimmed Ocean,
To speed itself to its primordial glee,
Bathed on by Air and Sun,
Bearing its exaltations, tree and fountain,
Creviceing its scanty growth by diurnal motion,
Ruling with voice of wind its spring and raw fed myrtle,
Then comes the crusher under which 't will hurtle,
Flatten its bulk and lie like one red stain
Upon the sphered main.
Let all men dream and sleep who will not gaze
Upon predestined battles—war is here!
This but the head to bear his coronet
On the Earth set,
This red cloaked thing that bleeds
And is a sore,
Once more
Upon the kindred level deep of Life!
Here insects have forgot to sting the year,
And seeds
Not now the green effulgences of blooms,
Only the bones glint like a bayonet
And motley shades like covering sword and knife
In crimsoned hands which vapourise the sand
With pith of bodies breaking flesh,
And where there leans the ancient white mouth of the air
Nothing seems longer fair.
The moist and sodden ground
In sunken round
In juice of slain body upward rolls,
And weighty wind about the bleared sky tolls
Heavy albeit more, with mountain mesh

Of tombless souls and soulless, pentless, tombs!
What drifts through yonder haze
Upon the gaze?
Not past nor future, since Time cannot be,
Lest Earth shall have her mighty hold on him
And rattle with her kind
Till he in gasping breaths shall spat her face
With spit of self-contagions, such as trace
The walls of Atoms on Futurity;
But from the climbing vortex of the dim
Slaughter on slaughter rising in a host
Opens a vista to the realms of fear,
And with bowed head a continent doth rear
From the mad seas, to which the rampant ghost
Spreads wide contagion calling forth,
Both South and North
To find
And stamp their tide swept shores in disarray,
Till all the world burnt by sun of day
Becomes skin spotted with the signs of war!
This is no trance,
No sudden variation lost in chance,
But from the broad Sahara and Bombay
It runs to Greenland—all the world to char
Till most like disembodied thought it came
This thought, which was the knowledge of the world,
Firing my blood, the fire after flame
Which the great flints of heaven and hell had made and held
Or the great spark of Earth which one day rose
Between the Sun and Moon—
I knew not why like wine that steals unrealised through the
grape

Fermented not, with unimagined joy
Of unenshrining boon
The knowledge stirred my being, let escape
Such trembling shivers of the one great cry—
I knew, I knew that it was well, perforce!—
That no force like the Earth's could have alloy,
But like some dreamer by a sea or stream
We, being but the waves upon their course
Run, heeding not the dream within our dream
Until the latest wisdoms pass us by!

Pity go to the ocean, drink thy tears
And then come back, and gently to me speak,
Uplifting lovely face of struggling years
Where all the calm lines hush about the cheek—
Fold the loose skin with meaning—
Then, to thee
Will I make answer quiet, free,
As would a corpse at noisy burial—
Assure thee all is well,
And from the song and flowers rise to be
As thy communer fraught with charity!
I know the harvest past,
The grain lies dead in leisure,
Husked are the grains beneath the moon's seizure,
Sighing before the blast
The poplar leaves lie on the pool at last.
The merciless that once was young and pure
Has past the sterile strength,
The glow, the gleanings,
Till nothing is which should be glad at length,
And on thy tongue thy shapeless words become

Now hushed, now fast,
As if they were thy dried tears, soundless, dumb,
For potent impulse hath thou yet to tell
Of rod and spell—!
How grave gay things grew sad—!
Heavy with slumber and with sorrow clad
Joy mourns as grief around her festival—!
Hush and be still:—
I know thy will,
Each beaker and each glass
Thou wouldst refill,
But nay, alas
Do what thou wilt, O spirit, still thou shall
Vainly re-do and pass!

Thou tired shape, with weary hands
Thou hast refilled the lands
With labour and retiredlessness' mood,
And with the dews of kindness moist the strands,
And given to the ocean solitude,
Hath flushed with ruddy purpose Earth and Nature,
And brought the fledgling to the empty brood,
And to the Children of the Sod hath brought
A giant will that plots its own decay.
Then what will give thee comfort, and have caught
The promise thou hast fanned
With helpless winds
To keep, nor cast away
Since by thy tainture,
And by thy trial,
Bloom, urgency, and good
Have been experimented with till stood


Thought upon thought
Wisdomed by long denial!
Time and Sun have struck upon thy dial?
Speak not!—nor say
Thou what confinds
Lest in thy speech I only hear
The repetition of thy still dumb tear,
And see fruition lying on her bier.
O now to me
Be ghost of Air,
Or prayer
That listens round my ear
In dearest gift of mute futility.
Become the ocean,
Melt until thy heart
Yearns with all vapours, yearn until thou art
Emotion,
And a feeling,
Surround, diffuse me, start
The direful shadows which the fair light stealing
Comes with, but to depart!—
O closer still impulsive, integrate,
Unknown as the skies—
Until mine eyes
Become with thy dear glory insensate!
Dimly reach round the reach
Till my arms circle thee, like foam, and I beseech
Thee to immerse, and verge
Truth, sight, corruption and decay
And urge,
Till in the night I pass my spirit to thy verity
And pass away!

Ye who have anarchy within the breast
Forget not still the question on the quest,
To kings of purple and of commerce slay,
To bury these, is only to array
The retributive strength which envies them their prey,
For seeing that ye envy, more than they!
Who nearer came unto the ghost
A skeleton of glory, more shall wist
Themselves into the serpent coil to twist.
Look ye, at first there is a little clan,
A man takes precedence above a man,
And next in kinship follow if they can.
It is a simple law of Nature's guise
Yet mark within it, if ye would be wise
Each drop of rain in falling where it fall
Is crushed by its successor, one by all.
A King must have a crown, a crown a train,
A train and hands to hold its amplitude,
So the liege lords around a sovereign mood,
If he doth fall, another takes his rein,
As are the rain-drops pattered on the main.
Your place shall come, even to wear the crown,
What is the good to fling the sceptre down?
Not what desire yearns to, e'er can bless
But that procession of detainless gain
Which shifts the shadow on the face of pain
Can this confess.

I do not ask the question here how far
Body and Mind combine to spread contagions
Of proclamations,
Which visit the organic plan of nations.

Of anarchy and socialisms,
Catholicisms,
Of suffrages long, wrecks and starvations,
Or whether that inherent, inner star
Guiding thinkless growths and man to bar
Beyond achieval, makes this tongued clang
Of ceaseless wail, this seeming futile fang
Upon the bonework of our civilisations,
While civilisation shows in its confusion
Magnificent the managed intellect,
Conquering all delusion
With passion, and power adverse still intersect—
Stands conquerless before equality,
Bending to it the knee.
And while I watch in Nature, the same
Though silenced forces in might disagree
Where fledglings die, where scavengers are free,
Where vamporisms are allowed to be,
And vernal summers o'er-ride misery,
Where trees are blighted in the month of June,
And little red leaves among the larger green do wither,
And pestilence is drawn willing, whither
The widest bloom reigns on her sovereign throne
And seems with beat of Nature to atone,
The while the heat bedizens
And wizens
The golden roundure and surrounding rune.

Yet watching worms and riddles has its cloy,
Nor incomplete development of joy
Is such as burdens one fulfilment sweet—
Let us attain; since this alone is bliss!—



It waiteth upon Nature in evolvment—
The butterfly crawls from its chrysalis,
The riddle has its solvment,
And on a quest there run the going feet—
Since blood of kings is stained with blood of Life—
And while the pauper starves, the dotard sings,
Air laughs aloud,
Atoms of dust whirl in their merry rings,
And renewed Cæsar takes up Cæsar's strife,
An hour sees the buried rich and poor,
And lineal descent our surety,
Questioning the change which our own deaths assure
Who cometh next in reign, we cannot see
And cloudy birth pours on Life's sea its cloud!

Let us say Evolution tenanted
What we lamented,
Yet, ere we have to watch our shadow break
Let us ease more lives but for broad life's sake,
And comfort One the poorer, lest there fall
The chance that one be all!
It is a paradox that nations vex,
Or government complex
From the right angle meets not the convex—
And governing
Must be comparison, and not the perfect thing.

For Earth
Placing her fingers between airy wings
Thence draws forth deaths,
The deaths and airy birth
Through which her songs increased

In former days of Earth,
The breaths
Until at last for us she cast away
This knowledge intimate of these her stings,
Upon which larger destinies she still for us doth play.

Along the lines of sky I watched again;—there went
The merging and the dying of the flame.
The saffron rose of dawn had opened quite,
The horizontal gleams of red had sought repose,
Here was the symbol larger than the wings,
The opening petals of the wild day's rose.
All gone, as colours faded in a frame,
And gone the pistils with the stars of night!
No more the passionate flower had its scent,
The dewes were parted from its blossomings,
Through all the heart of earth, the dear morn went.
Bringing the bondage sweet
Of lip to lip, and breast to breast with need
Of food, thirst, and love hunger half compressed
Have bent and kissed the print of kindred feet
O why, not guessed,
This truth, Necessity complete and recomplete
Before in the whole knowledge of the seed,
And higher in the scale of her degree
Where the sod breeds her children to walk high
Upon her burnished bosom without root?
The great half questionings of Nature's plea—
To promulgate her comforts, and make free
Her future hesitancies that burn and wait,
Preparing sluices for the hand and foot
And heartbeats that two-fold increase, might stir

Life to her labour moulding eyes that see
Dimly at first through the womb's parted gate
The gross glad joy of Earth's incredibility
In hooded cloak of fin, or plume or fur,
Or shadows, like my shadow passing by.

The Present's chasm rose mine eyes before
With all the hurts of Nature which it bore,
The voids in man, the single species sent
To unify the covenant intent,
And to disperse the effluences,
Dissect the difference by merely sight,
Touch, sound, and feeling which beneath them lie—
To taste the Mother Earth and be content—
By use, their stage of being to decry
Whether, or low, or high,
Or beings lesser in their void than man,
Seed, bulb, ground-tree and the soft rain of sky,
Insect, breed-bird, and sign of spawn, and span,
Of quadruped; whose blood
Or attributes cannot distinguish them then—
Complexity of structured vertebræ,
Nor instinct, for he change has spread
Amongst them. Driving oxen,
Changing their habitude, environment,
Extinguishing by slaughter,
Longevity of life suppressing and increasing their extent
By which he bends the breeds to what they bred,
Fostering and expelling for his gain,
Leading by halters
Their instincts by his senses—
Then how can he, man, higher set in gauges

Or estimate his value in degree
Where stuff is brain beside
Of men of different ages?—
Racial inheritancies,
Amplitude of changes.
Be judge or righteous tutor unto these?
Or these divide?
'T is now with man
Let us repeat this over—and again
How can he these divide to coincide?—
Attainments,
From remainments,
Nor judge acquirements,
Environments,
Or races, or conditions,
Of the same race' omissions,
Conciliatory bars,
That fret the natal stars—
Heredity, habit, age or sex
To parent their fruition? intersex
These long within the flood
Less tangibly right?
He has not wisdomed to equality
Nor ranged in ratios progressing light,
But left first trenchment to the mysteries!

The blind, the poor, unjustify dominion,
Conditioned man who waits before opinion,
Refined in intellect, in low estate—
Coarse, bestial, less in the dominate—
Born, bred, raised and separate
For some unwotted fate!

The chasms of the Present's ever twist
These things to wist—
The states of man in his own one estate
Intangible, migrate.
But as equality is not, the chasms
For ever wait on future protoplasms.
And if ye have enough of sleep and bread
It is enough for body's need to wed,—
And if ye have not?—ah! the sting is then,
That man still stands misunderstood by men!
Rise up again and strive, forget not how
Slowly yet surely breaks the ever "Now!"
Let poor and rich together seek to see
A partial justice on a bended knee!

Then wind around us pulses of sheer pain,
O wind around us never ending joys,
Of vellumed raptures bound into the clay,
As seeds are in the sod
Yet while our ecstasies are us,
And thus, O thus,
We have the strength, the fortitude for day,
Children of Sod!
Moving the seeds with impulse of the plain,
Upgathering shadowy stems unto their god,
Descending blooms upon ourselves in vain
For that great self which, as the sky is bent
Shall never leave us, leave our instrument
Ecstasy, ecstasy created not in vain!
All this have we now won within our clod
The strings, the winds make for us are but those

No stronger than the petals of a rose,
 No more enduring,
 No small alloys
 Within the human heart,
 Pain, joy and raptures pass—
 And pass as in the mirror of a stream
 The individual who goes apart
 Yearns for what the body the most craves, alas,
 Where ecstasy which was a god made dream
 Still must live onward to the close!
 O vital winds, secreting and repuring
 The music which we make
 For God's sweet sake
 If thou must make for us our strings from gleam
 That know both joy and pain and something more
 That falls like the dim mutter of the rain,
 The years,
 And if the sun sinks gold
 Attain, attain;
 As love has willed it, our life music manifold!

Bid us achievements bravely bid farewell,
 Fervour our failure with the star of hope,
 Let us see light in darkness, yet, until
 We see in blindness, hear in silence, grope
 No more our way about the living grave
 To which some future we must yet be born.
 But watch the bosoms of the Earth still thrill,
 About the shore the waters curve and wave,
 The summer's glad replanting of the corn,
 The autumn's rich full yieldment of its grain,
 The morning sky auroral as a shell!

The lily knows not wherefore she is white—
The silence dreams, yet cries not,—’t is not speech,—
Nor takes the rain impellent will to fall—
The waves have circled the resounding beach
One passionless in impulse, and the night
Moves like the ghost of fire without intent.
The strings of wind are strung on lutes of air
Before the sound is woken! The hills’ height
With purple vapour wearing like a robe
Has but been called by sea bathed dawn to prayer
And has not time to draw her hooded tent
About her shoulders; the dew bird sings o’er all
Articulate in some unreal abode
Of music; and the trees breathless and tall
Gaze for their meaning up unto the sky;
Shall Man alone take care to hunger care
Or wish the load upon his shoulders bent
Or be creator of his instrument
Which tells of blight and grief, it shall but share?
Or haply with unconscious kinsmen die?

For long, has Earth with soft magnetics wild
Re-equalised her swinging bulk in space,
And kept her ghostly distance in sky place.
Man his diverted air turned face allowed
To keep distinguished from the mammals’ mien,
Gazing with yearning at the purple cloud
With covenant of kinship set between,
Conscious her touch shall o’er her fruitage glean.
O wise, discernful Mother, thy success
Has only proved the body’s covetousness,
Or soul accepted wilderness

Of flesh anointed and appointed screen!
Yet as the eagle dips once more to soar,
And as the foams mark o'er the ocean's pour,
Thou hast no count of thy returning child,
Refreshed by Heaven's dimness, in his death
He doth yield up a sacramental breath,
But with his individuality
Passing in wings of flight, and drops of sea
Has not a symbol on thy charactery.
Thou art robed in a strangeness semblance fraught,
And thy material garment is but Thought,
His lives are thine, whether he be
Recarnate man or fresh man-mockery
Of the high Fates, not permitted me
To spell with record's mutability!

Now what? The many influences made
A silence, and the many lights a shade,
In all the springs and groves that bud and burst
There must be concord—ecstacies that thirst,
Beauties that waver trembling to exceed,
Perishing delights and song,
Gold crimson sounds, and airs, and fading lights,
Snow fails when Spring exalted calls her need—
And as if making of one time a space
Longer than years, or as one breath is long
The colours melted to their deaths in whites,
The flown birds called fluttering to their nest,
The dews of dawn were seeking the Sod's face,
For all and one there were but longing rest
With one more cry the Noon threw herself on Earth's breast.

An Earth Poem

I listened. Had morn ceased? Had it found death?
Through wings upheld, voices of small mutterings still came;
Insect flaps of hidden unseen flame,
And tanglings sweet of wings that sought the day,
Through thrills of colour, rounded orbs, and breath,
Where Life in one triumphal song yet sings his still remembered
sway.

The Noon forgets,
The Sun is lighted as a million stars
Across the front of valley, hill, and dale,
Mirrored windows, mirroring amulets,
The Earth wears to receive her now, and bars
From Heaven to Earth once more are cast away.
There is no need for pity wan and pale
To walk abroad in splendour of Life's day.
Peace blows as waters over sunken sands,
And things beneath are seen as through their deeps,
Conceiveless powers have striven to obey,
And Earth her unified dominion keeps.
Her manifold later child should understand
And make this one long hour of home, complete,
I hear sounds of his many going feet.
And bless him making echoes through the land,
And bless him for his huts, of rest and sleeps,
And thank him for the smile he wears in play,
He shall be kind, and as a nursling may:

To one, who has the wisdom of the heart
Life seems a parasite that all doth start
About a grave trunk tree.
And though so close it twines there to it shall be

As if it were still loath
To leave the giant state it wreathed upon
And with the branches comes and weaves anon
A green pulsation still. And if he sit
Longer in quiet of a dream, unfit
To share with growth
Or design of gain,
As Spirits might whose melancholy pain
Is joyful in the spirit, he shall see
The twining of the leaves that disagree.
As if a fancy ran upon a thought,
The vine runs in the leaves where it is caught:
Again, if he be on a sunlit isle
Where southern oceans wind with nettled smile
And mark the mainland stretch into its lair
Of hiding dimness, as the very air
May cover it, he shall perceive the sight
The land itself is the sky's parasite.
The land itself is full of what he knows,
Let him retwine his brow with ivied woes:
And through the gossamer resemblance fade
Into the real conception of the shade,
For noon is coming with a new fresh tale
Or hidden secret which may perhaps prevail
Beyond the hunger of the clay, where heart
Shall be for all, ere doth the day depart.

II
Children of Air
(NOON)

The broad noon comes and glories on the world,
The huts are built, the palaces and graves,
And some are hungry and some more are fed,
And Life has settled Life's recurrent cost
With forces tangible and failures sad.
And yet as if a child a ball upheld
Showing some father at the sight full glad
How little people judge the thing they hold
And crave the same gift that the father craves—
And will not pluck the bloom till it be red—
And will not drink the wine till it be gold—
And will not taste the fruit till goods be lost—
The promise of their souls till it be dead!

The Heart is only hunger undefined
By which the cursory blood and coursing soul
Make manifest their purpose through the whole.
There is a need for hunger, that through it
We find fulfilment!
Let the heart be sent
Commissioner for all by which we grow—
A word may still it, a faint look may please,
A root supply it, or a sigh condemn,
A breath which even is but questioning

Or Life's unconscious pulses, pain retrieve.
Although some hunger may be aim unsought,
And other through heart-knowledge become thought,
It doth obey the laws which guide it when
It is recognisant in brain of men.
Reason and hope fulfil its destiny,
Than let all conceive with Clay and Mind
What they shall work and long for, that most fit
Upon an ideal or an idol bent,
And what they would have their will recommend
Their forces to. If Love, then let them show
Their spirit's unfurled banner with great ease!
If it be song, forever let them sing
That others may in truth their ways perceive!

Suddenly from out the noon there came a wind,
Like a voice kind,
It murmured, coming from the dawn and night,
Shrouding its all too perfect voice in spell
Of magic syllable
Only to its own ear, discernible—
Yet if ye listened, if ye be full still
What shall ye find?—
The voices of the sea that have no will,
The clouds that speak in colour, and are blind,
A single word,
But one, O give me wind!
O give it, as the morning of a bird,
Or as the grass is stirred
By some faint foot that ever leaves behind
The foot of man, and goes to meet the shade
And finds upon each glade

Where'er soever he may choose to glide
Over the hills, and vale, until it slide
From out the vale into the shadow's wood,
Where it must wait itself in dark's deep solitude.
Hush! I am one alone, Child of the Sod,
All dreams were mine, O winds, that brought the day,
As ye do stay
I saw the seed leap upward, glad and free,
And man's supernal body glorified,
And wills defied,
Hast thou no answer—for the will in me
Which I had lost with my eternity?

Only an hour to thrill and to be mad!
Be mad and free!
With feet that will move towards some love like mine,
Walking faint ether with my own soul's sound,
Then from our shrouds of ground—
Perhaps to be burnt with some torch
Of a woman's streaming hair,
And my own fingers in hot noon's run scorch
Turning from nothing unto all, at last
Thus, thus to pour, the fast
Sluices of being, into the divine
Strong, strong and glad—
Like solids, crystals, Air!

O poem of the Air, how slight my hand—my hands!
Always each way I reach for thee I find thee fair,
—A loveliness surpassing tongue of speech—

While the great material there stands
Many outworn harms that need their plaint,
And in the future hopes that are so faint
They frame the guesswork of the heavens to send
Thought into, like the ocean.
But thou blendest
Thyself with vapours, passion, thought, and motion.
Thou art the present, around thee there doth reach
The very arms of man, thou art his end—
His being first into thyself thou wendest
In thee, not for thee does he make his prayer!

Would for a thought that had an answering heart,
A gold bee's pistil lying in a rose,
Then might I have thee, Love, whom no heart knows
Simple to start—
Would I might find a loose thorn on my way
Which some sweetbriar hedge of Spring let fall,
Then would I place it in my wounds all day
And as I go bless all!
Would I might find a tavern in the Sun
And there some little time with Buddha stay
Then might I light a single lamp for One
Ere I shall pass away,
Would I might travel with the mid noon's heat
And rest my clay at evening with the cool,
Then as a traveller turning bless my Sweet
Who sees skies in a pool,
Or if my sad returning should be long
Leave her some recompense, all hers alone
The echo of a faint forgotten song
Which was mine own.

Of others yet I sing, not love of mine,
But song in fainting replica I twine
O Life gallant to passions, aid my string
Beneath the moon 't is said that children sing,
And maidens with most gentle winsome care
Mark to behold if Love is printed there,
In casement that o'er rose fraught windows swing,
Some lovers fondle now fair women's hair,
Lend me thine aid abortive, I must climb
The o'erhung nook of this celestial clime;
Prisoned in what my spirit which despair
Holds oft a rose leaf on a bud of crime;
Away, foul thoughts, my mind must all be free
To sing of such delusive witchery.
For sing I must, as doth the morning thrush,
For mark, here goes a man upon his knee,
And some love mind of woman whispers hush!
I do not think it well the moon to see.
O Custom, tie no loose or little string
Upon my lute lest I shall fail to sing.
Give me the Heart and with its silver lake
I shall be free, as clustered grass in brake,
To stir a port of warble through a ring
Which fancies make and her imagining.
Delirious the Sun goes to the west,
Then shall I sing of one I love the best,
Of her, of him, or neither, let them rest!

O Love, fulfil the Earth thy dwelling place,
Make Heaven shine for each in some dear face,
Permit slight eyes to moisten with glad tears,
Glad when remembrance darkens or appears.

As if upon the quest of kindred souls
Love was itself a long remembering,
As if from some lost Aura of the goals
In past lived lives, such will as his, could bring
Stranger to stranger in a newer home—
Ease thou with yearning thine own questioning,
Let every human face a face enshrine
Asking not further whether those divine
With thine own image were a perfect thing,
Thro' sweet encumbered climbings of the air,
And as we roam
Bless thou the brow as if a spirit there
Waited in patient resonance to share
Another's weal, or care,
Another's pain, almost another's prayer!
O from the child the mother give and take—
Unto the man let hearth be deified,
All brotherhood, which is for brothers' sake—
All Motherhood enable and design—
Teach tender pity to the sightless bride,
Interweave passions' blood with sympathy,
As if an innocent grape had broken wine,
Exult intoxication which is thine
But be thou ever near with charity—
Aid all the lonely ones to come to thee—
O with thy spirit stuff imbue each mood—
And drop thy pale lips on humanity.
Let age love age, and age love babyhood,
Nestling to thee make all the world a child,
And soothe it with thy runes which have beguiled
All who have known Life to come to thee—
Unto thee bent:

Thou art in thy wide presence' sacrament
A wind about the forms thou seekst to bless.
Thy breath make tender frail with laden hours,
And those who once have known thy strange powers
Shall come to thee, and wait on thy caress.

All of thy losses in this fragile eld
Thou hast with kindlier succour still upheld—
Others and others wait thee while we weep
The Heart to home—
To lead with outstretched hands the way to sleep—
And while thou art co-mingled thou art ever
The only force, which meeting cannot sever,
Thy peace is as the Ocean's, do not roam.

Behind soft tears
The years,
Will drop for all
As on a garden of unsodded biers.
The rose will let her tender petals fall,
And deck with beauty her obliterated pall.
The moon makes cycles for her occident
Be it or late or early Love shall go,
Be it or late or early that he went,
On Master purpose to his orient
With spices, as those by white oxen sent
For festival or marriage celebrant,
To bring home his eternal frequent show.
No man but feels beyond his power to know—
And hears, as if the source of some bright stream
There start the first current towards the endless dream!
O, for the fingers that Love lover's hair

There is no thought unutterably fair
 Only the feel, the perfume, the despair!
 And lo! the hand withdrawn a moment hence
 Has secret pulses of omnipotence.
 Some cast their love away in early guise,
 Some wait for after years to be more wise—
 But whether late or early Sacrifice
 Sits mistress of the bounty, broods with eyes
 Half closed, half open, o'er the heart's surmise.
 Children of Air, upon the wayward string
 Of this souls' cordial ye must bend and sing
 Sing over Love, as the first impulse, till
 Our soul shall grow at length to use its will.
 —Emotion of a life lead on a smile,—
 Until we turn our pleading hands to where
 No longer we shall clasp the tangled Air
 But the Sun's Isle.

One fierce joy is which most the pagans knew
 And is re-echoed still, as from their seat
 They lean and listen to the morning feet,
 And tongues that babble with the weight of rue,
 The while the oracle lets it come true
 That all the world is as a tender meet
 With births and marriages, privacies, where sweet
 As in the reign of Earth; first children grew.
 Desire is a sterile feed indeed
 Nor moistens any lips with happiness,
 On Earth which custom's weight drags from above—
 Yet here lies all the world's Titanic need
 The good, which this desire brings to bless,
 The great hope of the world, whose name is Love.

O dear Reprieval,
O beautiful Receival,
More exquisite than joy; Response to bloom,
O hushes
And faint thrushes,
Sing to the heart, open its petals and make room.
O stains on some soft berries,
And frets and petal hurries,
To close the time the morning glory ceases labours—
O stains and stains on bushes,
That make the crimson flushes,
O ground and Sun and Sod and fair Air neighbours!

Kneeling, what soul has prayed for Love in vain
Save as that soul be in itself Love's grail
All women's wombs that hold the blood of self
Like a great lily its elixir gold
Are too complete for prayer's disjointed pelf,
Rung from lost yearnings small and manifold,
Yet who else trembles at the brink of pain
What womb-created man shall fail in prayer?
Children, O children of the bounteous air,
Your wills shall hold you till you may not fail
Your passions keep you wayward from the tomb—
Desires chain you in your mother's arms
Yearning for her calm milk, as for the blood
Within your veins which later brings you Life.
And so, and so pray on to Love and Doom.
The Sod is lover to the seed that springs,
Dim drops of water to unquenched flood,
Births to eternal motions which are rife

To spill themselves to others, or to plead
The yearning of the aged tree to the sky—
Murmurs to trumpets in their loud alarms—
Birds that find their impulse in their wings—
Fall winds that like to bugles heave and sigh—
Summers that dawn from April's rosy bloom—
Be these, O like; if ye wouldst live to tell
How day goes mourning with her Sun to sleep
To keep,
With feet that bleed
The unseen juices of the asphodel.

But peace, the vision grows—
Or perhaps my eyes
Grow stronger by their growing will to see.
She moves again, her faintest touch still seems
As unexertive as some passion sent
Into a heart's lost citadel, or bent
The uncompelling grasses near the lea,
Auroreal dew that open the wild rose
Cluster about her garment, rending it and throws
Thereon the shreds through which her white skin gleams
In veinful dyes.

Faint lady frail
Art thou the child?
Thou seemst like some imprisoned essence wild
Caught betwixt cloud and vale,
The crown for mountains and not men to wear
Miraged in woman, as a moon in pool
Where waters touch her and she is not there!
Such beauty is too pale,

Too slender, and too small for Life to bear—
Great massive Life that needs an atom's size
To recognise,
Even that cosmic Life itself is fair.
Thou art where streams from sun and stars must cool
Rushing among the tangles of the trees,
Or where the midnight oceans find their mould,
Yet thou must take a tangible shape, since we shall see
Then creatures of an hour thy perfect gold.
Nay, be not proud, descend thou so and hold
My brutal question sacred unto me,
Is there at least within thine eyes' deep sea
The impulse of a woman? for I claim
No right, no grosser right of flesh to name
My yearning. I would spiritualise my soul,
I, the lost man, scarcely awake from dark
I would but touch, but listen, but behold,
Give credence to the sound I may not hark,
Take purpose in the way that has no goal,
Only to be with thee as air, in light,
To be with thee and call thee as mine own.
King of the beasts, I cast away my throne
Disdain for thee, man's flesh which makes him strong
Move onward from my link of harmony,
Outgrow my blood, which sings its riot song,
Break my tough sinews where lies powered man.
Forgive me, I am not more slough sunk than
Any lost climber on a mountain's crest,
Or some parched diver, in the seas' lost snarl
Quickening all the pulses in my breast
Although I cannot penetrate the height,
Waiting upon the Earth with blight and gnarl.

I do accept thee
Let thyself sing on
The rest that comes after these words complete—
To frame them all the worlds have followed dawn,
And ages felt the pressure of night's feet.
I do accept thee strangely, O my sweet
Out of myself to thee to be withdrawn.

Children of Air, behold, with motion set,
Ye slowly and imperfectly rise,
Now from the morning Earth the dew, once wet
Is lying in the Sun's vermilion eyes.
Ye have been nourished, ye have known sleep,
And now with higher potencies ye steep
The burning liquor of your untoward Mind.
As if ye drank yourselves your own heart's wine
And filled the chalice fine
To drink, and drink your very selves again!—
A lambent spell invisible grows bright
The clouds in Heaven like the kine
That wander in the meadows are all white.
Bulb after bulb ye seek and may not find,
Because in the pure liquid of the space,
With eyes upturned ye mark the gossamer Air
Sheer as the yellow corn of ripened hair
Whose tassels blow in Autumn's wandering wind—
Yet lo! behold! a primal instinct vast
Invisibly shrouded here at last
As a fair child that Life has taught to spill
Your being with; exists—
A blind mad boy
The child of his own race,

The first child born unto material joy,
Unto the pleading voice of all he lists,
With unseen Air that every current drifts
He joins in festivalling your natal joy,
His name is Breath:
The cause,
Of all your later laws,
Waiting beside the womb from which ye came,
He beat with unwatched wings the heart to flame,
As Icarus the waters while the shame
Sat on Prometheus' brow.
He plighted with his Element his vow,
From which a higher motion brings forth sound
Unloosened from the ground,
And knitting senses twain
Leaves ye to listen now,
Until ye shall give respite unto death.
From out the Earth ye taste
The ritual of food as if the bread
Of high communion on Air's altar mass—
The prehistoric dimnesses which pass
The mammal to the man, lend ye a scent,
As if with Nature highest beauty blent
Which the blind flowers give forth from their graves
There could not be a waste.
Ye touch her burdened bosom as ye tread
With foot to thought, upon the high Air-waves
Which give forth sound to answer to your pleas,
Higher and higher climbing as to fill,
The still dim waiting harvest of your days
With some new form collateral to your will,
Some praise—

And while the cover of emotions shifts
 The human heart assumes her higher ways,
 Till sound becomes the face of Air,
 And motion is her form—
 Ascend to where
 Within the region of the pulses' storm,
 The Heart, and Mind, shall open wide their door
 And man shall live for Love
 Here is the store
 Of potencies, that cleave ye still above.

Love gives the child
 O Children of the Air, see how he lies
 Upon the breasted Mother! No disguise
 Can be more naked of its mystery.
 From whither was he driven?
 From whence this tiny form, these upturned eyes?
 His breath is mingled even with her sighs,
 And lying calmly on the human sea
 Of first awakenment, he challenges
 The forces to obey him, as if given
 The dim authoritative predestined key—
 And by reverberant transiliencies
 Prepares his way to Life's requirements wild.

My love is not as others, she disdains
 Slight joy and pains,
 And slighter frail fulfilments when they come
 Laden as merchant barges, with their wares
 From some rich port, across the dark seas dumb
 Complaining, but its melancholy shares.
 For trafficking of joys to her brings loss—

Such as to them that sell, and may not buy—
She would I brought her tears, and perhaps a sigh
Like the night wind that played about the cross,
Yet, if I call her sad, and never gay
Remember I, in grief she too has smiled
When I was sad, to cheer me on my way,
And opened for me laughter as a child
From the great cruse of frequent jollity.
And lit for me soft blisses in her eyes,
So something of a joy to me is she—
Coaxing my rapture with a strange surprise,
And cozening my sorrow with her own,
Comforting me with companionship
She opens her pale lip
And kisses me, and speaks in undertone,
So is she made for others as a god—
She lives for me, an image of my mood—
An idle, miraged image set abroad,
Sadder, perchance than frailer womanhood—
Gayer than man's unutterable despair
Hid in sardonic laughter, all in vain
That alienates great Heaven from his prayer—
I trust her, she is wise, she fears no pain
And fears no fears.
I drink with her at ocean of her tears,
But like a lioness in desert sands,
Tender and brave, for me, she understands.

What particle falls instantaneously
And vibrates with a music in the ear,
If waves are stirred within its ebbless flow?
What falls upon each closed mouth with a touch

Of constan^t lovers' kisses while alone?
 What lies between the eye and what we see?
 Air, O Air, always, Air!
 What substance lies upon our cheek and hands?
 What to our forehead lies more near than thought?
 Upon the Earth what company is brought
 Of wavering and wandering o'ermuch
 About the loneliness where none appear?
 Chiding, mad, caressing constant Air,
 Working slow rhythmic pulses into tone,
 Making the roundure of the globes of sands!


My love, if thou but leave
 Thy shadow on the world it is enough—
 For to my darkened heart thy shade is light,
 It doth requite
 Dream an imprintment, thought itself a dream,
 As if blight might be the dear remembrance of bloom.
 It is enough for man to raise a tomb
 To that he might have loved,
 So there is wrought
 An image unto beauty; those who grieve
 Athwart the portals of a hidden gleam
 Shall be ennobled, empty eyes of sight
 If they defy incredible desire,
 And sense, the very progress to inspire
 Necessitates a level beneath aim,
 Some feeling thus is proved,
 Let it be that we have, so that the Mind may frame
 A subtler idol ever having caught
 By use the lesser idol whence it came.
 As by the sea, the flying of the chough,

Or as the day sinking within the vast,
The Past
Is in itself its own iconoclast—
As fire manifests its heat in flame—
Or shame
Is but detention from the limitless—
And need, a mutability whose name
Is spelt with graven letters of success.
Since search implies its knowledge, can I then the less
See thee in utter dark, though thou art dim
Or seek alloy?
And could my love in open skies of joy
Behold thy utter brightness? Love for him
Who is content to follow shall be guide,
And follow though the path be closed, or wide
His utter impulse, to its furthest rim,
Let the One leading never fall behind
Though grave emotions be the fruit entire
Which are the stimulations for the Mind.
No sluggard of heart ease is ever kind,
But lure and yearning therefore do we find
To seek the re-perfection of the same.

Thyself, my love! Thyself! Give me thy all
As unsundered airs about thee fall!
My eye envelops thee!
My thought goes out to drown thee as a sea!
While my pale Heart is waiting at the door
Of all my senses, for most utter thee!
No more be film of vapours, O no more,
Until I vampirise such vapour's core!

And yet, O Presence, before whom I bow
Thou shouldst unwittingly consume my dower
Which is the stem on which Life holds her flower,
As well as sap my being, ease me now—
Teach me the way to lose myself, and how
In that same quiver of departing strength
To suck fresh Air for the impartial breath,
For in the Egos' passing is not death
Nor Love can part the Heart and Frame at length
Although as if a Karma, spread abroad
A bed of abnegation where we lie
Giving the Heart its cherished need to die,
We must awake that we may still afford,
Life to its giver, for a longer space
Nor pass we with our longings laid awaste,
Nor pass my thoughts which are all on thy face,
Lest I should make too momentary haste,
And from the world, my poorer self for ever
Its mead of growth unutterably sever,
For all must have its way, and not be held
From its own opening of the gated world—
Must pass in its own kind as dew and Sun
One falling and one shining, to but make
Each individually the will of Fate.
So are ourselves reparted in their state,
My bones must knock upon the sands of Time,
My body's being cannot Life forsake—
My spirit rest with thee apart, and climb
The walls about thy being pleasantly
While waiting for the will to die, I stay
To aid my body through its rest of clay,
Till death shall give it to the winds of day.

For not our lips shall have their troth in vain,
Not marriage, nor our hands divorcement try.
If thy sweet body shall with Nature die
Mine must await her calling voice, again
So they may meet one sepulchre of pain.
But for my heart with thine, O let me cry
Dissolvment in its strain.
For was our birth in one
And each grave beating moment of the breath
So should become our bodies in their death,
But not while Nature, with a complex chain
Makes the same use of disengaged forms,
Hers is alone the epic unity—
The long narrative similarity—
The function and the flame—
The same.
Though through one life, I may have died as thee,
Been man, or woman, by a strange mishap,
Experiencing all variety,
Now I must trust to nature on her lap—
Trust to the meaning which her wills aver
For what has been, what is, and what shall be.
No breeze of soul my pulses break nor stir.
The Orientals' faith is but the Occidentals' reasoning
Albeit as gnats gather in their storms,
As rivers to the single ocean run,
As individuality a name,
As parent throat gathers all birds to sing,
Reincarnations are but to imbue
A perfect soul, with knowledge whole and true
Which comes alone through all experience,
Sailing the wing across the nether blue



Till death upon all single deaths outgrew
His sapience.
Let me accept Life as my parenting,
As transmigration or Heredity,
Working its single purpose to be free—
A dial, watching o'er the trial Time—
Whose shifting of the weight of light and shade
Tells with a pendulous tongue day's start and close,
And from such repetition thereon throws
The passing of man's days,
And the amaze
Which waits therein, to teach him weals and woes
Wherewith his inner, higher self may climb!

Children of Air,
Children of Air, what would ye?—
In this space, between the Earth and Heaven, Sod and Sky,
This nothingness well called the consecrate,
Fold of creation endless, filled and bare?
Life comes too soon for ye, too long to wear
Her ever present robe of solitude.
Death is too near, to ever long to die—
Atom on atom gather till they are
Each other's star,
Pressing there is no bar—
Congealing no unmitigated shape.
Hope as eternal, phantom as despair—
Watch the great will, its finite emblems drape
In vacuum and substance! Here the eye
Has second sight. Only upon such space
The Sun of kingdoms kills, the dark of night,
There is no other warfare

Bloom and blight,
The open battle of lone Nature bore,
Nothing that has a semblance wears a face,
The laws of gravitation bear the power
Which stems the fair heart of each perfect hour—
And all is pregnant in a changing mood
What would ye more? What more?

Wait, for from Sod's low ease,
From couches of the trees
The birds that please
Rise up the morning glories' sonneteers!
And in the noon, the day worlds' middle years—
The stillness breaks the crescent shape of sound!
The evening falls the dew notes to the ground
Cry ye as well, and from your million fears
Give echo to the comprehending spheres!

O dim! O Air! O God!
O Joy that sings!
What long communication to the Sod
Shall this grey matter round the nerve of earth
Through centuries unfold?
No globe can bear
Thy immaterial existence old,
Thy seizure—and thy mirth—
Save it shall be unpoled.
I wake and hear
The silent footsteps as they disappear
Sounding upon the sound waves of grey care—
Veins in the footsteps leave strings of gold,
And light is fire,

Electrical compare,
As music to the strings that make a lyre
We chain the image in our moving lair—
Our cities are thy lightnings,
And we run
To hitch the beast of labour to the Sun—
For every soul doth keep thy imaged breath
Upon the mirror of its waiting death—
Lo! there shall be a substance Helium
I can no more, O children, lest we come
And yet the secret is not yet all done.

The Air around us grows with dimness wound,
As if the whirl of motions deadened sound
Naught can I hear,
The denseness grows apace.
Children of Air
What follows after care?
Can mine own spirit upon moisture trace
A portent or a sign;
Somewhat to grace
An evanescent hungry Heart, combine
With grave ennobling purpose into line
Thought or yearning or desire fine?
Nay, 't is an Aura I behold at length
Some shadeful symbol, of a shadow's strength.
Now it has taken form and now a face—
Be it of man or woman, mine all mine:
Ye see not with mine eyes the tender shape,
Ye are forbidden the first lure of sight
Which makes the brightness, for my spirit bright
It shall express.

It was intentioned that it was for me.
Now it again takes shadow, as if night
Descended slowly o'er its tracery,
And once again assumes a loveliness
Which out of the surrounding vacuum
Upon the Air with more exquisite grace
Doth let the roundness of the contours come,
And now again, the moon with throatless hum
Waves the sail wings of insects as they fly,
The moth ambitions, and the butterfly,
His yellow lifts from off the resting ground,
As without sound
The ear unnoticed by the mind can hear
The petals from the flowers as they fall—
Nature who once was sterile in her thrall
Accepts æsthetic knowledge from the space.
The tree leaves seem a mouth, the wind an ear,
And vistas melt from sight before they disappear.
What is this palpitation clayless born?—
Almost my heart leaps forward on the way
As if a rose expectance, was her thorn,
I pierce with pain, the vision which has sway
Upon me, till I know not night, nor day,
And now, the form takes on the guise of her
Who only unto me can love aver.
Found, and yet wrought, in my own seeking mift—
As if the ground should let the vapours lift
Into my sight she comes, half found, half made,—
As if my brain created, from its cruse
The beauties gods let loose,
As if down all the heavens, did but drift
Her flame of growth,

White as when fire came
Vermilionless in concentrated glow,
Or when the rain has covered for an hour
The purple coldness of a passion flower—
A half completed throbbing woman stood.
Till once again she faded in my mood,
As if no longer, could frail thoughtage brood
Around the pinnacle of solitude.
Once more, a vaporous shade,—
Until the form across the air was laid!
Part wisdomed! part afraid!
Part glad! part loath!
Staying, as if in staying she would go.

Veils from Heaven were rent, that swayed mine own—
Then did thy form most falteringly pass by—
Then from without like a white flame
Thy Virgin body stood, beside a light
Which light of sense, my higher senses feel.
Then wert thou only to me but a sight,
Or the strained chalice of a linked tone,
Which parted sense, and left me yet alone.
—Thy heavenly fame—
Then comes the dread, again
It seems the shell of Heaven, hung with rain
To make it heavy as of enwrought steel—
And if, upon it hilt of heart should lie
Yet is thy death as quiet, as in vain—
And while I wait
My song goes out, and leaves me desolate.

Dear love, I wander with thee, into space—


With thy dear body on my arm like cloud—
Then do I hear weird men, shriek aloud—
Or a strange city totter in its place—
Then, as the hills we reach my face to thine,
I hear a trumpet call across the sea,
A grey sound lily breaking on the lea—
While with thy fragile voice mine ear doth twine—
I lose all sense of motion, and of peace,
I cannot bear thee further than I stand—
Within, without, the actual command
Of seizures of the world that will not cease.
Therefore I grieve, and lay thee in thy tomb
Among the people's barbarous noise, and sight,
But I cannot be with thee in the night,
Therefore the night to me, again is gloom—
I lost the sense—I missed the hidden trail
To climb the sky, in instantaneous flight:—
Or bear thee on death rivers down their course—
Or catch thy face like sunlight on the hill.
O, let the noise, and sight go on, and on,
Let thee be buried with the multitude,
Frail,
Passionate, and slight!
My heart clutches remorse
From lack of will,
I could not go the way thy light has shone—
I must abide and wait in solitude!
Tossing the wisdom to the winds as pelf,
Knowing myself incredibly blind,
Who trusted a lamp's flicker for the star
That keeps the seven keys to Paradise!
Now, I forget all knowledge save thine eyes,

All, save what one hour bliss, with thee may prove—
Willing to be a scavenger to poach, upon thyself—
Upon the right anointed to the bar,
In the broad light of this unasked for noon—
As if with very love,
Not near, but soon,
We should the end of the researching find.

To culminate myself, yea unto God,
No more bare glory of the human hour,
Give up the blissful scourging of the rod,
The weal, the power,
Chew meat that cannot nourish my own growth—
Spill the lamb's blood which carnal runs in me
As fast towards heaven as the angel's tears,
Once more for thee.
O strange and tempting presence, be not loath
My Lord created manhood to dethrone and mar!
Children of Air
Look ye; this is not much—
Some monks have gone a lonely life for sin,
For sins' sweet pardon—
Some been tempted by a touch
Of vain art's vagrant hair—
Some have decried
Much wisdom, in an ideal that they sought,
And bravely retribution from within
Paid, for the bounty of a hindered thought.
Have worshipped Christ, or Adam, in the garden,
And sighed
Away a moment's duty with a rose—
Some have allowed the hurt of needless thorns

To prick their life's sap, some have bathed their skin
In the moon's fluid gazing on a star
Till it were overwhite for life's intent,
Who knows?—Who mourns?
I am Columbus, waiting to put forth
An Alexander, with an East turned eye,
A Nansen, seeking nearer to the North,
Newton, an alchemist, whose dream compounds a dye.

Who takes the ruddy morn for drape of wine?
Then, but the peaceful grape grows on the vine—
Who takes the ruddy morn for love, of flame?—
But one step through the sunrise on, he came
Then folded back into its squandered shape,
As man became a mangod from the ape.
Yet sunset, gives no more
With beast of golds
He takes across the seas what he beholds,
The heavy tankard of his vintage-twine
Serenity of day's imprisoned moulds.
Then let us, when the stranded noon is full
With spilth of opal, passion's absinthe drink
The after sleep, that totters at her brink,
And as the sore
Lie on the ground, and mark what to her folds
In atmospheric sequence, as a gleam
Of tortuous chameleon among green like a sequestered stream.
The mute set trees
That wind the leaves of breeze,
Then stillest calm pervades—
Here shall be love, Children of Air, which fades
With day of life on her meridian—



Before she tumbles from the heights of Can,
Down to the western drawfage of the Sun
Here shall be won
The love, which comes upon a sword to man!

O tears go out and find thy voice
The faint wind has no breath they said, and came
After they had sought through all the Air
For motions back to me—
To me, and thee,
But I could not rejoice—
They fell adown my lips, and through my hair,
They touched me with cold flame,
And I, who knew not tears said they were sad
Because they were not blown as rain thwart wind—
Look on me, dear, and kiss me through their flood,—
They will not leave us desolate, and mad,
Because we know them not, nor can them find,
Our tears—our tears they are the tears of blood!

Left on the Earth, O left, I stood to gaze and sing,
To question a lost question, lost in Air,
Still things were fair,
The meadows and the hills, the vale and height
And silence like a godly ghost was mine
I was the King
Lord, Master, over-Lord of sound and sight,
And I could gather of these wills their shine!

Children of Air
The direst pain I missed,
The dreaded share,

The direst agony, O near, and far,
To feel the Earth lie mute beneath the star—
No loneliness of softly waving trees,
No parting branches kissed,
No grass exultant in its harmonies,
Of interspreading growth, can this confess.
Although I lie alone and watch its search,
Or catch the rustle of the leafy birch
Or the trees' tone.
Such utter, unrepealed bitterness—
As to have custom, hide a wretchedness
Of mine own heart from neighbour-waiting prone,
Of loved one waiting ready it to mark,
And still in lightsome commune, stay and hark
My little words fall, in a quiet stress
That cannot hide it, neither can express.

I hungered with the dawn.
The joy of hunger, and its swift repeal,
I felt the alienness of yearning ground,
And met with man, the striving and the feel.
With moonlight, I have lulled myself to sleep
Knowing that God His silentness would keep
And had strength wasted that a habitude
Should fall upon my lot in heavy mood.
—A garment made of sackcloth, and of blood;
Of Air and sound—
Wherewith the afternoon should me devise
To lure me on.
But no pain equals to Love's sightless eyes
That cannot know, bent close upon one's own!
Humanities that cannot raise a tone—

While their twin hearts are buried in its flood!
 The ill conceits that separate the wife
 With arms around the throat of husband pressed—
 The barren voids that join a mutual life
 Between two near ones, which cannot be guessed!—

For can lives ere be mingled though rough haired calm
 Most like a brush-wood boy
 In certain moments, with a lazy balm
 Relieves racked torture, or the sweets that cloy,
 With heavy weight, of onward pushing joy,
 In movement's incessationed irritant?
 Since growth allows no stoppage, for a meet,
 Life, no pulse's slackage for a love's intent—
 Can man and woman seeking find one sweet
 If ratio of growth divisible
 Is individual in speed perforce?
 Or leaves that bud, be of a single size
 Though harboured on one stem, in friendliness?
 The hand that brings fruition gives excess—
 Lest would oft pliant Air fall on the Sod,
 And laws of gravitation cease,
 And hidden will of Life be visible,
 And motived masterdoms yield up their course
 To strength less used, and aims which are less wise,
 And old stagnation wear the grey of peace—
 And any urgeless silence seem as God!

This am I saved from, yet perchance 't is way
 That makes contentlessness, re-urgetful urge—
 To meet a moment on the tottering verge
 Of ocean, as loose light has fostered day!

This argument, of use' futility
Unlaws each law, where more laws here are seen
Then undiscovered secrets, and a screen
About the still unknown proves a cover,
For now one yields, as forests yield their green,
And now once more Man's penetrating eye
Dissects, as we
Re-harbour somewhat over
Our senses; o'er a vibrate, or a dye,
Which has escaped us, or we've passed it by.

Let us search on, and rather this accept
This one hypothesis of many shows
That there is casual being, which our eyes
Meet in the falling petals of a rose.
And in the ruling Earth's perennial throes
Rather would we a disaccordance see
Than build all accord on disharmony!
We are—although we know not—after what shall be.
An inquiry is blinded, by the past.
Let us take counsel, of a wild surmise,
And with a tide, which guides not go to sea.
Although upon the heart, the tears are wept
Which lead from grafted Life, to Life at last.

Children of Air, I do accept my loss
Of human life, as ye accept the same
When your hearts' fire mounts not into flame
Upon your dearest loved one as a cross:
Dream ye, there does not soar the albatross
Because he is a bird of omen dread?
Or that the aster waiting for the Fall

Because her growth is as a widow's pall,
Because all summer blooms have died in red,
Blooms not at all?
Dream ye the futile snows bring not the primrose home,
And all blues are not gathered in the sky,
And voiceless cries are voiceless in the heart?
Nay,—that which is within us—doth impart
Itself unto its placement, low, or high,
The higher mountains of the quest reclomb.

Beside the marble solace of thy hand—
Above the solace of thy marble hand
I stand,
As one who gazes on the moon—
Thy still, soft body now has lost its tune.
No more, the motive which I understand
Springs from the tired veins, where thy dear shape
As ocean let a kindred light escape,
To let thee climb.
Caged in thy premeditated balm, the long
Sweet calling through the desert, for thy mate!
Thy feet shall ne'er now strain, the sands of time!
Thy breath shall never challenge, now thy fate!
More slender than the voice which willed thy song,
Almost, than Heaven's self more delicate.

Yet, when I view
Such listless shapes of women who lie dead,
Waiting but for one moment to attest
The great sublime of rest,
That it may linger by their unused breast—
Their slender, white forehead,

That is not still, to crown the eyes foresight—
There comes, but true
Such questioning in me, as when the night
Winds her most utter dark with crown of dew,
And nothing more—
As when I gaze, about a rimmed shore,
As when I mark a morning glory lay
Her soul between the chances of her leaves,
Or when the nest's content of straw can ease
The robin's trust, against the wind's dismay!

Tilt back thy head, O Love,
Once more, that now
Thy lips shall give thy kiss's crimson vow
To one who seeks for thee, be he the Sun,
Bearing thy colour yearningly, as I
Who for my sacrifice must see the dims
Of Airs wrapt round thee, as the closed Sun swings,
And, 'neath thy brow
Close thy dear eyelids, from their wonder how
Thou cam'st to be—
Wind the long shroud, to run
Athwart thy prisoned limbs, to catch thy feet
Within its folds as Psyche in her wings—
What was not mine in Life, shall it be sweet
To shroud away as lover to the sky?
And have the white clouds, who for vacant whims
Nourish the sod with deaths, now watch thee die?

Nay, but some import means
The love, the dreams,
The closing of each faint mortality,

To one, who loves, that loving he may see,
And seeing that immutability
Which is above,
Bends back upon his circumstance to Love.

I love the Sod!
I love the hidden spring!
I love the futile labour of the grass!
The lucid effort of the wind crushed pod!
I love these things to pass
An anxious eye, athwart the goods they bring
That more of Life and Death be known, alas!
I con the energy of each and all,
I am myself a broodsome cognisance,
Watching how this and that by bulb and stem then
Leans forth,
What purposing beyond the wills of men
Leads the south forests towards the ice-girt north.
The casual, towards the consequential trance
In which all being, may with simple tongue grow fain,
Cry the far striving of her entity.
Yet they, who follow blind stars not, may paint
With commune, non-argumentative and clear,
How nature, married to casuality,
Doth free the flower, and fruit, which we hold dear,
From other claims save to repeal the year.
For mark, the system is intelligible,
How every leaf, for every leaf must fall,
And every tree, surrendered to its own—
How equitably sure the wind has blown
The sowing of the grain—
And Spring, comes leaning on her staff of snows

Pale, annual, aurorial and faint,
Upon the midnight of the winter's woes.
So—So—
It is by soft recalls these fair things go!
A far hilled echo, a repeated show
Bloodless and slow.

Down into space, a mind unsatisfied,
Itself denied,
Sent noose of thought, by winds reimpregnate
Shorn and desolate;—
Can naught move hither of a kindred kind?
Need sad song wait
To watch the starling gather to his fate,
And all the birds sing on who are most blind,
What is below?
Kindly the herds which do return with fall
Of dew, at eves
Must yonder go,
Long have we watched these all,
Watched, in our reason's pool
Their will-less pall,
Have drunk beside them, waters calm and cool,
The link decried
Between mute nature, and the animal
Must make us friends with these,
The secret still
Of vertebræ that in the oceans thrill,
That bones, the starfish on the beach yet shall,
Must make us still, the hidden mysteries.

The wind swings high!

Yea, even ye shall die!
Yet unpremeditate yet!
Nature here opens, from her womb, and fret,
Her sacramental pleasure finding child.
Shall not such spacious bodies, as are set
Above Earth's face, not then be free
Of Life and Death, and Nature fondling wild?
She hands them caskets, of her energy—
Each single hoof thing wears her amulet—
Wrinkling her brow that they may move, and train
Their pleasure, their inherent nutriment,
And die, and live again.
Her laws are change, but yet another stranger law has she,
As the dim mountains, range on useless range, are bent,
Rise, and recede into the endless sea,
Mammals have passed, while now her frequent glee
Laughs in her highbred animalcula!
But still, O still,
Faint, unassuming will
Thy questioning
Whereon to string
Hath a string more,
To fling at the Mind's door,
Whereon to play
The shade and light, of endless night and day,
The static cliffs that rise, and try to shape
The lands into their breast—
The tides that have escape
By tendrils of the moon, which join their crest—
Are these not partings where the thoughts behold
Her question? As in flower, grass and tree,
Moth, bee,

Winged butterfly with sails of crimson gold,
Bats blue as dawn, and mists that circle her,
The sheep's white fur
The camel's grey
The lion and the leopard's spotted hind?
Do these not come behind
The Secret of the Secret?
Yet—
O yet not they!
Their use is portioned to them, they imbue
Force with an action, which they themselves renew,
And seem to stand before the questioning Mind
Through change, and mutability, as though
With sauntering beat, that speeds the pulse of leisure,
Their lives, into their evolutions went,
And as a cloud over the Sun doth flow
Or but is sent,
The Secrets back into the Secrets go.
They are from Heaven to Earth their own appeasure—
And their own labour, strength omnipotent.

Of man,
The long stringed lyre puts on another string—
The largened vortex has its apex—Can—
The afternoon began to die in rose,
Why on my love's lost body, should I seem
To moralise upon the silent dream
As does a surface current on the stream?
Only the envy of the stars could move
Dead presences to love,
Or the death presence of a memory
To muse upon the path trod towards its goal.

Thus, and thus she did, and thus she chose,
The garment of her soul—
That her least choice, upon the ear of time might sing,
And be by somewhat more than circumstances heard.
She listened, and the seas became the word
That joined them to the lea.
By her the bud was seen
Before its stalk was green—
In every atom, the insatiate stirred—
She was the symbol of the century!
The body's reign was broken, for its sense
Was filled with milk of morning, and the need
Through trammel of the parents, taught it whence
Easy and supple could be found the seed,
And soon
Bearing the frequent grain
The few hours, drenched
By sightless Heaven in the dark's return,
Led her to couch of sleep, whereon did burn
The quiet of her soul, to draw it thence—
To make it fain,
And draw the fresh and crimson Life to noon
Where daytime quenched—
The noon's clear peak, of vantaged negligence.

The surplus hours, which the tide did keep
With watch of light, were dropped for other use,
Save nutriment and sleep,
Within the frugal cruse
Exertion hovered, like a jewel deep
Whose rays were passion, curiosity,
Impulse towards other impulses unseen,

An Earth Poem

Before whose biceps, energy should flee
To fresh invention and expression dear
Of other import, save necessity.
As if upon the carpet of the green,
The over-burdened twilight should draw near.

After she went, I lay beneath the trees,
And covered all my body with the weight of their fresh hiding
leaves,

Of their material, their sexual leaves,
Their pure leaves on the trees that hide the sky,
It seemed as if beneath them I was free,
I need not look above—nor He on me,
No matter whether God or God should spy
Upon the primal child of infancy!
Nature, didst thou make me without ken
Of this mad fancy of a Deity?

O succour me,—O keep me, hold me then,
Even if one of thy best loves, did die—
Thy sweetest love that thou hast given me,
Take, thou takest back, to be that paramour,
Leave me without the stain
The craving, born of the lost nuptial pain,
In limbs and lips of mine, to find that judgment, which shall
make me pure.

O glad leaves, hung above before the Sun,
Through ye, I may be as blind from these,
—The feeling of the flesh, the thoughts that make
My own tribunal, as ye love me, leaves!—
O leaves, confess and tell me did ye run
In Passion under now replenished break
And gorgeous set, to meet the mouth of Night—

And far low hills not timing to the sky?
 O tell me all, your heritage of will,
 O make me still,
 Let me have speech with something of my kind,
 Red, full with sap and blind,
 Unless, I die
 Torture me not, with pleadings of the light—
 I do but hide myself, to seek the way—
 I let my fingers twine with all the grass—
 To learn, to know, how energies may pass
 I would forewatch the waters near the moon
 To spell the tidal change—and feel it chance
 But not, O not, to rise to Moon and Sun
 Or scale the vault, or hesitate on height,
 But leap from light to dark, from pulse to clay,
 To be wound round with Death's dear circumstance,
 To kiss the ancient antique Sod, and soon
 Return from Chaos of a Paradise,
 To the one Being who has made us one,
 Or where I have not even seen her eyes!

The voice was ceased, and I lay waiting, won
 With the last thought, which is the thought of her—
 Then something parted—and at length had gone,
 The shadow of a presence dim as tears,
 Not love, nor self, nor pain, but on the grass
 A silence voiceful of unnumbered spheres,
 And far, and soon,
 One—one,
 Colourless splendour closed the gates of noon
 As drawing, the vault of a sepulchre
 A white hand would push through the bars, and pass.

III

Children of Sun

(NIGHT)

A day has come at last to be withdrawn
Children of Sun, the day that may be years—
For Clay, and Heart, have passed their ways of fears.—
The Soul is coming near us, and is won,—
As thwart the afternoon, the seeds of night,
Fell idly from the red roof of the Sun,
As falls a fountain in a mirrored cave
Recalling to the day her western dawn.
Then slowly, as when sorrow turns to tears,
The dew descended, the last flowers of light
Budded to burst and close, and when the dunne
Succeeded crimson on the winged way
Where palls the succulating twilight wave
I knew, I knew no longer was the day.

Then felt I in my pulses a strange change,
The calling which Earth called, another causality—
As if my being were before her dawn.
The force which made her life with mine agree,
The part of void we were both set upon,
The loop of dark which had around us range,
The feel, the instinct, we could not estrange,

As round all births, doth cling the mystic night
Intangible expeller unto light,
Now here returned, to bid us to return
To paths of dark, the twilight Sun should earn.

The long day took his path across the sea,
And as a peacock, trailed his train abroad,
The west sky mimicking the eastern rise
Put on a robe of rose
As for emprise,
And sunk on the horizon as a lord.
Breath faintly comes, and goes
In birth, and death, and breathing faint with sighs—
The scarlet turns to black, the twilight shades to both,
The same procession of morn's pageant show,
Willing it came, and willing it shall go,
As doth all beauty round experiment
Weave the lost symbol of the times intent,
As rain fed clouds are the sky's ornament.
As eve to day plighted her widowed troth!
Children of Air, we pass the gate that won
The lumid apple of the twilight sun.
How strange it was at length and last
When to and fro the shadows on the grass
Waved through the hours of day, and our Life's days
Still held us to small purpose while amaze
Kept our strained visage from the wistful past,
Darkened the vision of the end, alas!

Now it is come, no more in intent mute
Must we dispel the music from our flute—

All of the reeds that thatched the prisoned sprite
Of outer voices, melt to sounds of night.
No more the hidden, chidden, bidden way
To use the passions, which our Souls gainsay—
No more on nourishment, our famished want—
Nor hands that raise the temple in the haunt—
Within our effort in our wills default.
Our eyes, at length are opened to the vault!
No peevish discontent of paltry prey—
No marriages, or battles of the clay—
No thatch roofed houses, where the noon's light fails
A whimpering for tears or flaps for sails
Can hide us from this dark, which over all prevails.
The self control of custom is not ours.
Children's complainings, stilled by wreaths of flowers,
Nay, no replenished wreck's respective claim
Which borders on the mooring of an aim,
Only the night to quaff, to fold, to claim.

But Heaven, not Earth, must hold the gladdened night
For ever like a child, upon the bare
Sweet fragrant bosom of her constant dream—
Who drinks the milk of comfortless despair.
Mixed with the fluid fire, passed in light
For day, and still the patient creamy stream
Of mother moonbeams, the white nutriment
For the dim dark, that sucks and sucks in vain!
Here, but some hours we spend, grown black
For purposes which clear day cannot share,
Bearing forth Life, making most pregnant Life,
While as a shuttle, through the webs of pain
She has come on from hours of the dawn

Has spilled her ire in the lap of noon,
Dropping it there in orange as a boon
Takes as if tiny threads of gossamer
Our twilight's mists, for shading her design.
What god could give her, her own selfish will
Who has outgrown self, and knows no bliss
Save as it ministers unto the way within her spill,
Men's souls climb, through their vacant lives to her?—
Their births, which are their fortitudes in strife
Bring her great agony and supple, fine,
Changes her atmosphere and makes her miss
Its bounteous gladness, her day's bloom and scent,
The mother of our souls, who turns her face
Away from happiness, but to look back
To the day's world, to see its race climb on,
O, not so soon,—
So soon for her as we, who interval
Our struggle with deep joy, shall fall the grace
Of Sunlight for each child. Her Sun is still
Nay, more, while we do live, she has her chance
To pity one and all.
So we, when dark
Begins to brood, and reign
Across the sunset are upheld in trance of will—
'T is like the spirit, for the covering
Of action, veils the day of our design.
We lose the feel of Sod, the sight of skies—
The world drinks up itself in its decline—
And those who would be nearer Heaven rise.
For there is more to give, or low, or high,
The sun-dial fails to tell the hours' time.
'T is only here by will of Earth we try

Her loosure, without hark
Of birds who to their nests have ceased to climb—
An inner Sun waits with us, for the thrill
Of Nature's Sun which shall await this lark,
Who shall arise and sing!

Children of Sun!
How did we find the next long vista of the ways we climb,
We, whose hearts brought us Air, ere night sublime?
The Sod found Air by time.
Is it a longer way we now must run
As by the night we reach unto the Sun—
Or do the optic orbs, of eyes, by sight
Of near things, and of gross things, lose their light
To penetrate the crevices of height?
Then turn the vibrate retina between
The covered lids, re-see what we have seen—
Take solar green in lieu of forest green—
Then, there comes
With blinded eyes, as unto voices dumb
In stillest closure, dark, as if a sea
Ran on to a long light, or to infinity,
Now crosswise are the lines as wave of cloud,
Now perpendicular as in the dawn
The dew from stranger spheres the sea pours on.
We hunt, and hunt, the eyelash on the cheek
The eye protecting lashes proving proud.
For surely some light starts these lines abreach,
Opening sight again to Earthly waves
We behold with glad surprise, the Sun that staves
So closely in the Heaven. Was it strange
That we have missed Him, He that lends us eyes

So that the world lying beneath Him lies
 Open to sight, as dreams of Paradise?
 Before what was the dark? What was his track?
 Without first, then within, lure held him back—
 All through the day, that might have been so bright,
 As to the woken Soul there seems the night
 The lure, and lore, and law
 Of what we saw—
 Forgive, it was the shadow of our own—
 As if a language out of its root grew
 To form the verb and noun, as one doth hew
 The shade of trees for fire—
 As what we sing, when grown
 Comes from the lyre, to be itself the lyre—
 So to behold the Sun it is we change
 Adding our change to time, more strongly even
 Than in the morn we Sod to Air did seek,
 And twine the form to heart, hunger to speech,
 As now before the next increase shall be
 We must re-see the Sun to let him free—
 Must moralise ourselves now, through the dim
 That seeing through him, we at last see him.
 The Sun, which every day has shown
 May be the Heavenly witness of our homes,
 O wind him—to us, in the Air, or Shroud!

The lovely dark is coming. Lo! at rim
 The Sun himself draws poor Earth up to him!
 As if the circle would be manifest
 With touch of breast,
 Not sought for, and repress,
 And surely, as on Sod the Air doth lie,

It winds around the bosom of the sky—
It is a marriage band of Sod and Sun—
All Children ye are one—
Sod, Air, and Sun!

To habit, the last brillianting abode
Perhaps Death, doth hide from sight, the sight of men,
Then—
Such do the mighty forces, which have strode
On Him, whom all religions do aver
And hushed, the man, who lies in sepulchre
Is said to pass!
But wanton thinkings err
With miniature of truth bedecked, alas!
Although
In probability, this thing is so,
That Death doth lead the way which we must go—
Still more at last with hope, we learn to know—
What cometh unto us the times we grow.

'T was said, in many a fable,
Of stones the gods were made
As white as snow.
Then Egypt with her table
Of crypt the man laid low,
Embalmed and signed from winds that hither blow,
That Hells might be surpassed, as water in their flow,
So mortals might in Death behold this Sun-filled show,
And should not fade.—
The story is too long—
Progression stable
Sings on with ever antedated song

For Heaven, or for Peace,
 Majestic pæans sing o'er ears that cease,
 And graves are laid in ground
 With many a torturing sound—
 I mock not, for the days must have their round—
 And thought be wrong, at length that truth be found.
 But lo! two images diverse about me go
 While yet feet run
 To climb, the Sun
 And still morns break
 For his all burdened, consecrated sake.
 With insights see
 Twin images, awake the thought in me.
 For premises increase which onward tend
 To justify the reaches towards the end,
 And as Life lessens Substance' o'er fraught spell,
 Man doth about his inner being, turn
 As matter now seems energy, age well
 Collects its impulses, and outer sign
 But seems the symbol of the inner shrine,
 And young night makes Earth on a heavenly swell
 A consecrated oneness!
 And as in closed sea-shell the murmur and the colour
 Do one whole confess,
 I seem to mark the dolour
 Of Life, and Death, as one—
 So far as we may seek, the Soul, the Sun!
 And both the same, if we, as lamps for Heaven burn.

Collateral the Body and the Soul!
 The Sod, the Sun—
 Can law diverge

Of active forces? Nay, I only urge
Swiftness as change,
Vibration to its goal!
As swift to change in higher vibrance run
Positive and negative in whole—
As species which both back and forward range,
Or limestone is as stone or yet as lime—
Death is a change, but cannot range
Since the departing spirit, lessens weight
Somewhat of Body, with its purpose-freight,
And by a law more strange
For less accepted by the Mind at large,
Growth of the Soul in Life, with purpose high
Negative turns as Death, Life to the sky.
I purpose but to aid Philosophy—
I hold that Science more doth stimulate
Functions of matter, for its own insight,
Than would æsthetics let the Soul in-state
By action its own right
Of growth, without Death, to a betterment—
A certain losing of material of brain migrate
As Death lends to all Souls the sight to rise
For both are stimulants and all vibrate,
Now in the thinking of the Mind of Fate!
And if we will it so, shall fostering Time
With Life and Death, as charges on his sea
Take both the live and dead Souls, in his barge
Through individual progress up the skies
Or down, as they themselves their wills have bent.

They bury One, unfit to buried be,
Ungrown in lighting of Life's sacrifice!

Earth has her own surmise!
 It is a scene of mocking majesty,
 To impel him to lie with the low Sod at ease—
 Death means not how, but when!
 Around the grave, the sentinel of trees,
 The bugle calling winds, like echoes then,
 The pageant of a grave, and lovelier love
 Has let the limbs be quiet. Clouds above
 Gather and film, as sweetly as at birth
 The little changure shifting of the Earth,
 As if a garment falling to her knees,
 The shroud of State
 About this sudden portent
 Hangs with weight
 Down from the shoulders; the lips close,
 Vermilion strength, as closing of day's rose,
 And tongue and eyes that speak not are migrate,
 O fair,
 No matter what before has been the face,
 Sleep lies upon the individual hair,
 And then content
 Unpantheistic, being unified,
 By constant light, brought sight its grace.
 Life-giving pregnancy thus deified—
 Since thou, O Sun,
 Wilt no more cheer the Air to meet this breath,
 Let it climb on, unto thee, to abide;
 Hast thou not won
 Enclosure of thyself, whose cease is Death?

If motion be thy pulse, as to this world
 A motion higher, on such wills, augment

As cease to place themselves between thy light,
Volitioned or involuntant, by urge
Of thine and Nature's static held intent,
Pollute them in thy glory, and ferment
Thy faster running vibrants, thine acclaim
Of glow that falls on flame!—
For since a will was in them hibernate
To rise or fall, through Earth grow sloth, or swift
Thou must account their speed, with thine to lift
Their Will and Purpose, to thy Light and Strength,—
As sluggish tides have not fast waters held
Though on the incline of thy quicker verge
They may beat back to Earth and round her shame
Unwillingly by thee resume a state
Loath, low, and eddy in abyssmal tide,
In will-less dread, more dire than the night,
Choose of themselves to wait
About a lesser Life, whose sands they sift,
While those who live, attuning hourly
Their pulses unto thine shall nearer be,
Who in the flesh need not more hesitate
But with it round their souls inviolate—
Pregnate their purpose to thee,
And to what is thine, at length!

The second image riseth,
One, doth stray
In open arms of Life, and would gainsay
Nothing which is of use, but still doth try
To breathe the higher Air, to walk the Sun,
With eyes of sapphire and of sunset dunne,
He is exalted more than they who die!

Here, the slow pulses of a nether Earth
 Beat with the swiftness of a heavenly birth—
 And so combining rhythm, make the same.
 O Sun it is not that we die to claim
 Thy given being!—No sphere can withhold
 Progression to the striving! Wills, contend
 The eyes to sight of thee, and manifold
 Both live and dead with reaches to thy light
 All may come near thy couches through the night
 As thou thy being unto him surmiseth,
 And draw for thee the end!

So Thought to thee, freed from the mortal bound
 Of wisdomed long fragility I turn,
 As black night pitches o'er thee lamps to burn
 To ask thee to absorb thyself in Soul—
 It is a willing errand, for long urned
 In fragmentary purpose' quivering heart
 —Unmutial kindness—thou thyself discerned.
 Day had not satisfied thy retributive whole,
 Nor taken from thee all that thou couldst give,
 Nor let thee, even live, such as thou art,
 Untraversed by the fruitage thought of past
 Ripened from thee, man-strewed along thy way.
 Thou art as witful now, as all thy sway,
 At last thy throbbing is by answer found
 Long held to ground!
 Thou hast a kingdom of thyself at last
 Invisibly vast!
 Thou hast a borderless and moving goal!
 Naught of world severance can longer spurn

An Earth Poem

The Knowledge, and the Love, where thou shalt live
Thou hast thy mate on paramourial cloud!
Thy lord is in the spirit of thy vow!
The sky night twist of ethers are thy shroud,
Thy panacea breathlessly is now!
Thou hesitatest not, thou art at ease;
No veil of outworn fact is round thy dear lips' curve!
O, instantaneous thou!
O, witless please!
Tumultuous guardless swerve:
With Sun, and seas
Of Skies, thou hast departed, doth depart!

Yet, all the days
The humanising Sun
Doth let his rays
Around this planet run!
O sad, mad Thought, O Soul, thy foster child;
Even the force which makes thee free and wild
Must somewhat be returned and be defiled!

And yet thy speech is with thee, thou hast cried
Thy fervour into ears, that have replied!
Art thou not satisfied?
Thy lips have had their drink, of golden whim!
Of orange tutelage, of tittering brim!
Thou art immersed in antenatal swim!
Come and repillage Time!
Touching thy old world rim
Follow the shadow of thy force sublime!

For here, at last seems arch and end of dreams,

This blackened night, that has no calling streams,
 This silenced, onyxed sepulchre where day
 Buries all human love, and here at least
 If there be sacrament, only, one priest
 Shall guard the fane of longing—who is God
 No more, shall be the hunger for the Sod,
 Nor any human heart across our way,
 Nor any love to trammel nor to die,
 Nor any love to torture and to sway,
 Nothing to seek for, which shall pass us by,
 No merchandise or commune which might be
 Irrevocably lost,
 No brightness slipped aside,
 No Life, no Impulse, and no Passion crossed,
 No seeking for the grace which should abide,
 No pleading and no cry,
 No empty and relentless ecstasy,
 No vanguard of long sense, with musk and sweet
 Carried across the desert, with parched feet,
 No blight where winter's snows have not been set,
 No moaning autumn decked in russet red,
 No silent music, and no dews unwet,
 No sleep which is an anguishment instead,
 No shallow which for drowning is not deep,
 No human travail lest it be closed sleep,
 No mountains which their hiding promise keep,
 No thing to chide us, as we strive to creep
 Into our foldment, lasting as the dead—
 Is this thy conceit of the night of loss?
 Heaven, the Oriole sings above the grave,
 And chirps as willingly about a cross
 As if young lovers plighted.

There doth save
As for childbirth, each star astrology.
Comes in happy crowd
Clouds reunited,
And if the vault entire were aloud,
It would the blindest eyes, have spiritually resighted.

But is night in the soul of Death entire?
At thought of this, the Word would close its lyre.
And night, young, beautiful for her intent
Of inner Life, through darkness silent bent
Find Sun of Soul to keep her dim content.
The outer darkness lends to inner sight
Or live or dead, within the vault of night
Higher than Earth, O higher in the spill
That lends the Sky and Earth a single will.

And yet, with stranger lure
Another vision comes, it spreads on lofty sky
Its own engraving
And its signalry
Breaks forth with voice of child as well should be
In newest oldest Heaven a low cry
Breaks from the small lips pure!
And on the dark abyss
Falls meaning of the world, as so to kiss
The past and present ages, into bliss!

The faint child calls down all the Halls of Peace
Waking the dead from tomb and sepulchre,

Then comes the sounds of dimness, and hearts' pall
As if the dead were risen with their wound—
Each sound
Breaks like a pallid lily on the Air.
The child's lips tremble, and seem ages pale
Touched by the grey smoke, from the hills, and vale,
And Stygian rivers, and encircling field,
As if the awestruck ages, could not yield
Their dead at once unto the climbing Lair!
As if, though some are waiting, yet not all
The souls could cast away their graves and cease,
And still they rose, now slowly, and now more,
Coming like vapours through the call of Time—
Some trembled, and some seemed to circle arms
In hesitant purple mists, heavy like tears—
Had they left loves and passions in the biers?
Were they afraid again of tinged form
Fearing rebirth, or some Life as before
Which should have strength, e'en to make essence mourn
By which, they were to reach, now the sublime?
Retracting to their fear, their Life, their Harms—
Some seemed to shudder at the vault above,
Nor eddied sweetly swayed, as if by prayer
With others, who clomb high having no fears,
Some seemed remembrous of love—
As over sound!
Some could not seemingly forget their will
More lasting than the crumbling bones, or mold
Laid in the passing clay, from which they came
But were afraid, afraid of Heaven still—
Some seemed in their grey shrouds as burning flame—
Some seemed even in vapours to have eyes

An Earth Poem

That feared the touch, of some illusive gold.
The fragrance of some starlight, in the skies—
And yet they clomb the ether round, in round
Rise, after rise,
Vagrant Sun Children, into Paradise!

The child called once more down the Halls of Peace
And on the strength and dark his voice grew loud,
Welling his pass through the invisible
He could not cease!
It seemed the night should mirror all the world,
Should draw its secrets from it, pluck its pain,
Make all historic dooms a little leaf
That crumbled, and was naught,
Was suddenly encaught.
Wound in a shroud,
The willing, and unwilling closely held
Abortion-thought which hung within the womb
Of old Belief,
And Heaven and Hell
Crush into fragment ere the morn again.

It is its only goal;
The Soul
Moves now, no longer is it still,
It wars to have its will,
It wars to droop upon the lilies' breast,
It struggles down to meet, to clasp, to hold,
To see, and to be seen,
It clutches at the portals of the screen,
It would be felt, it draws the Body nigh,
Now one sense deadens, now the others try,

It is like Death
Since it would have us die.—
Yet not, for see it yields us of its breath,
It would but have us cry
The urgent need to falter, and to lean
Upon the vapours' arm,
And now between
The visitation of the good, and harm,
As birds learn how to fly
Around the templed, liliated gold
Aye—
It falls, and takes upon itself our mould!

Higher, and higher,
As if energies
Resupplemented shell
Material—
Should be,
Should waft upon the wind, where we aspire
And beat our hearts, as if their tuned bell
Should ring the great exalted song of "Shall,"
Until we gain our Heaven, or our Hell.

But watch the passage is of narrow shape
In which we fight ourselves, the Animal,
And mirrored on the bulwark broods an ape—
The Senses which were crutches of the Mind
Circle to dust, and all is Astral!
Light doth increase,
We are assumed by pregnant angelhood,
There can be no escape,
No long ceased mood

An Earth Poem

To garb our bodies in, where once they stood
No function to respire,
No stranger custom beat
Of warmth, or heat,
No thirst for dew, or fire,
We have fulfilled the last great link in space,
The passage through
Children of Sod, of Air,
We do embrace,
The secret omnipresence lost, and won,
Whose war is Peace,
Ultimate Peace to find,
Whose war is peaceful kingdoms of the Sun!
The child is gone—
Again we seek alone,
The glint of Sun has shone—
The great excessive message of his tone!

To ye who live, I sing my song of Sun—
My song of Soul's expression—
My songs which on the pinions of lights run
When to compression
One only good abideth—
One reposition—
One fondness past discretion—
One last past lesion—
One motive which most hideth—
After so long the day of fullest need
Has fallen upon ye to bind, and bleed—
One sacrament which has no nether creed—
One foldment back from whence ye once have come
Experienced and dumb—

For ye, who long have stood the fray of day,
 And would not longer stay,
 Or would have ease which shall not pass away,
 Or with still yearning arms would hope for more,
 Let god be yours, who rose from morning's floor
 And now at evening kneeleth as before,
 The One who travels from the east to west,
 The One by whom we see, whose meed of rest
 A tiredness of lives repealed yearns for.

Yet still why, must my Soul unemptied lie
 Beside the bosom of a harmony?
 I look upon a chart that is not Heaven,
 And see the purple veins that make a river,
 And watch the pale blue oceans as they die
 Sand dune and cliff,
 And mountains as they rise,
 Surely I am not wise?
 Backward I turn empirical surmise,
 With stress and shif,
 The globe lies in the pale hand of the Giver,
 And rivers to their sea,
 —To immortality—
 Carry the cargo of the human, even—
 As all the rivers of the space, the stars
 In golden commerce to unknown bars!
 Yet O, to me
 Ere I pass on, omnipotent, glad Soul
 Back to the replaced goal
 Comes homely hunger of the Earth, to free
 Her bestial breasts of milk, that she may be
 No longer Mother but Infinity.

An Earth Poem

Mad emptied song, and where do Nations go
That drop their foam, like petals here below? .
The while each individual Soul may soar,
Where are the seeds that Babylon did sow?
Where lost Sidon, and Myrrh their citadels?
And Keva's walls that yield not still their store,
And all the ancient infidels?
The Eastern Islands that I may not know?
Away with Empires' mutability
Of past utility,
Such seeds as had an early pregnancy—
Gone in a wind's extancy
Gone in a wind which all the seeds must blow—
And all the pollen's unsundered trust
It cannot all be dust.
For seems to me, from out the bartered show
Of Sorab and of Rostrum
Blue to Castilian hills, that there the folk
Of kindred heartbeats woke.
Like a lost Asian drum,
There every sea
Which tossed on Ceylon, Greece, and Italy
Has left the flotsam of the hidden clay,
For do I e'en there stray,
And feel the import of cohesiveness,
As in the halls of Northern great Savoy
I hear the bells of story ring for joy,
The story and the glory passed away—
Carthage and Judea still have left their spray
That washes on Gibraltar's opened door.
And do confess,
The tides of tideful water, ever more.

Then all the flowers drop in Arcady,
 Russia and England drink as from the bowl
 Of the North Pole,
 Winds from the South-west seas are blown North
 And curve around the sheaf of North Sea's Bay,
 There ice leaps forth
 Till all the North-west blossomed in a day,
 The pollen drops on California,
 The dust of gold blows to Siberia,
 Sweden has risen in her own strange way.
 Shall the North Sea
 And Norway spot the Sun?—
 Still weep for these,
 As August for the flowers of her May,
 Or shall the fruitage of the Southern lands
 Make recompense for flower dust of strands
 Which still must be forgotten?
 Lo! the whole
 Divisibly begotten
 Great Earth, is like a flower of man's Soul,
 And her Countries!
 Why does the large Equator swing her girth
 Still round the red breasts of the Mother Earth?
 The pomegranate still shall have its pole—
 But it is later past the Earth's July,
 Some flowers bear their blossoms, and then die—
 The while their dust with others, which survive
 Make all the fruitage of the Autumn live,—
 The seeds sprinkle on Greenland, Labrador;
 The north Sun, on the ice-girt pole hath gleamed
 As ruddy rind on skins of apples seemed
 When Adam dreamed;

Nay, all the spotted pall
Of the North Isles is pulp of Tamarind.
For fruit, the flowers have blossomed, and decay
For fruitage life has waited and has sinned.
Then let the Sun's ecliptics lay them way
For all.

Great stars of Heaven, whose nightly magnitude
Leaves your white bodies nude—
Come teach us with your trance,
Teach stellar ice
The sacrifice,
The long forgotten young aged moon's romance,
How bloodless for the world she clomb the skies,
No longer I surmise—
E'en so, Earth's vapours to the leaning Sun
Shall sacrificial run
As the baptismal streams of Paradise!

Souls of an hour
Behold,
The flower
Is gold,
The sphere has rolled
For ever to her own, O wake, arise
Chaldean, Thotme, Greek, East Indian
Behold your clan!
Transmuted in all graves, the life stuff lies—
And by eternal resurrections prone
Through bodies and still bodies more, alone
The last completed Soul shall find her own?
'T is but for ye the barter of a span

A nation, age, time, purpose, woman, man,
Which did assume your naked entities
And your identities—
And working through them all, made the Earth flower
Bloom for ye through her hour,
With passion, sense, ignorance, potencies
Consistencies,
All these were but for ye—
And while there hangs the dome as still a mirror there may be
Each seen, passing through them all
As to their pall!

Like a great eagle, o'er the darkened waves
I ride contagions of myself through life—
Small swells of reason, measured distance rife—
Or follow gods who sing from echoing caves—
Glimmerings of the visions, which but fade
In soaring towards a hidden ultimate—
Some yearnings thus, and passions satiate—
My open wings which soar the seas thus made—
Then in the morning from the nest of Time
I gather legends, breaking into foam
Wherein I dip my parched wings uselessly,
And wait to see
These in the moonlight of the evening climb
To seek a closure in the vaulted dome,
Till I exalt myself through night and day
Leaving my nest hung breathlessly midway!

What benediction makes of injured Peace
A compensation, in the realms of prayer?
When all through Body, Mind and Soul increase.

An Earth Poem

Alike around the angel of despair
A shroud, that she may wear
When Heaven draws her back into its light
That she—even she, Mistress of earthly gain upon the night
When fire shall consume feigns, faints, and snare,
Stand judgment with the Angel in her sight!

The time has come for slaughter, and for prayer,
But was it not so in the kilns of care
In procreation?
What bitterment has fallen to our share
Of blood for blood, and raging fight for ties
Of Life to Life, that still—has still defied
The unfranchised Heaven with her eyes,
To gaze on Peace from belted nation to nation
Drinking her foster mother's milk in pride?
A shadow like a dim plague walks abroad,
Holding no vain, vague suppliant hands to God,—
Neither with eyes that well the tears of Time
Making obeisance, in a lowly guise,
Unto some self creation over Air.
But still, more over-wise
We would at once gather to the sublime.

Again comes war
But here, now to devise
The garb of Spirit to its own franchise,
For long the spotted sign, the Spectre bore
The banner for the will to mutinise—
And Atheism waiting at the core—
Sours the fruit, which we have gained before
Whether God be an actuality

Or a surmise!

We who have gained heart from the flesh grown wise
And still must have the Soul for our satiety,
And have the red Sun, where the vine of yore
Clambered as now, for see
We grow, we mount, we rise!

The red vine
Which ran beside the Sod
Would now drink up the skies, and still run on
In flaming torture.
That which in the dawn
The creviced children saw,
Now grown to twine
Not seed, nor pod,
But all the sweet corruptions of all law,
Drag its besmitten purpose
Through the sore,
Till there bleed
Nations, in ruin,
As if the world itself became a seed,
As if through some belated aperture
Or stagnant foss,
The instinct sent by cosmic impulse nigh,
The leopard, and the lion, and the bruin,
Had come from out the Mind, that pinioned high
Still bears the Earth's collateral womb, upon
Whose pregnancy such sordid instincts lie,
As devastations, storms, disasters, war.

Watch how its leaves
Like hammers rise, and fall,

Fretted by north wind of their circumstance,
And trance,
Athirst for pestilence—
And consequence!
Man bleeds, to call
Himself a victor.
Gathering unto sheaves
His sword blood's harvest,
Lacerate, infest!
Is the wound Need?
Or Need in torn tatters, but the wound?
Bloodless the outworn faiths, lie on the ground
Inert of any more supreme intent, to heed
The faces turn to Heaven with their plea.
And all the bugles stop their mouth of sound,
Some tired Purpose surely here let free
A venom, on the world—
A great unrighteous parting of the breed—
For war itself necessitates a foe,
The hands that held
The hilt,
Or open face
Of unsheathed blade
Now withered hence
Must know,
The guilt
Who made
Intense
The voice who knew the war song of his race.
Yet, on the scarred shore
Yet spot the dragon and the leopard more,
The devious tongues are still;

And still the place
Which holds the swollen trenchment of the dead,
Stilled is the storm
By slackage but of will,
The vine leaps up and clammers overhead—
Closer, and closer, cling the still live clan—
A dim light stills the face of argument—
Was the most spacious war
Conceived by man,
For purpose of the world?
Growth of fruition or futurity?
For like a wave upon an iron sea,
It crests and foams, once more fain
It sets its giant feet
Above the stilled religions on the main
Which it has felled.
What can secrete
The torture amid those who live, with form
Of shadows, burial and doom?
There must be leash, some better thing to gain—
Lest Patience hang her tears, upon the tomb
And Pity be with blinded dim eyes bent!

Higher, the vine grows
Trellised by the will,
Further 't will spread
Its sacramental woes,
Faiths on faiths are lying among the dead—
More bastioned armies join the leaguered foes—
Each wind doth veer the way that the vine goes—
Now North and South, now East and West, where head
The mighty seas,

To wither, and further still.
Now joined to it the labour of the bees—
Then doth dragoon,
The urge grows more, and unto more is rolled,
The hearts unbled grow less—
Armies on mutilated armies swoon,
The purpose, yea, what purpose can unfold
The torn and mighty strife,
And leave a mould
In which may still be felt the feel of life?
I mark a fortress
Lured from nether deep,
My spirit there calms souls that are asleep,
Wakes like a gong
The import of my song,
Rises and seems to bless
The bleared proximity of right and wrong,
Goes through the gate
Between the gun eye holes,
Watches the heavy weight
The powder rolls,
Seems as it sat alone in mighty state,
Again alone, where it could meditate
On war as Fate!
Sees the chaotic system in the plan—
Marks in it deaths that sanctify fresh birth—
Holds winter on the snow encumbered Earth—
For now again the lap of plenty fills
The fruits of dearth—
Watches fresh streams from once polluted rills—
And temples unto Mammon, set anew
As lilies tall nurtured alone on dew—

And domes that form like globules of the Air—
 Sees
 All repurged and more upon the view—
 War is for Earth, then let it pass!—
 But wait,—
 The rolling hemispheres cast wide their gate
 To meet the Sun.
 And it shall fall that crime
 Is but the surplus energy of Time.
 And yet, alas
 He runneth fast who cannot with us stay—
 There are corrupt abortions, which dismay
 The promise of his later foster child.
 Till see, he groweth nobler by heredities,
 Loosens his veins and lets the vampire wild
 Of War
 Once more,
 Feed on his later kin,
 —The revolutions purged, of blood filled skin—
 His cheek grows whiter as to meet in kind
 The lower Lily of his rebuilt mind—
 And War himself, a quieter disguise
 Has won,
 His criminalities besmirch
 The cheek of custom, which one time was fair.
 His alien search
 Grows steadfast, towards the long predestined line—
 He would all things regather and refine—
 As if the pith of some sweet new fruit lay
 Beneath the bramble vine—
 Fresh faiths like beakers, drinks, and casts away
 Sunburnt as deserts,

Lands about whose clay,
A great Deism like a central noose
Makes uninhabitable
Such tabitable,
Such he hazards,
Then plunging under Atheisms loose.
Places his blades in Doubts of gaunt array.
That tell not of his coming, nor dismay,
And what still Lifelike land
Is civilised
With impregnated zeal
Lies trembling, in his hand—
Agnostic structures mingle, and congeal,
And spread aside again, the changing clan
The stars surmised—
Their eye averts
For War is Man!

The vine is forked, it clambers once again
In trellises of pain,
Now from the parent ground
Unloosed is free.
To watch what it may be,
To sleep and hear a sound,
Be dumb still speak,
Find odour in a note,
Have feel within a lifeless marble set,
Draw fire from the cool of prisms' vent,
Grow thirsty without throat,
Then drink the wet
Moisture that keeps the Soul's environment,
Hear its faint sounds as winds in a frail tree,

Keep all its pulses yet grow dark,
And weak,
And hark
Behind the rustle of the Mind's black screen,
The Soul puts forth, unseeable, unseen.

The Mind
Is in the Battle's midnight tent.
It paces as a sentinel of War,
Inside its opened door,
And sees the starlight glitter on the floor,
Without lie all the forces, it has bent
To its own use,
That it has taught to lay it low
As out of streamless oceans, rivers flow,
Or out of harmony the dissonant—
Doth rioting sounds supplant.
For once a subtle regency it planned
Weaving the war vine to a coronet,
Tutoring forces from it, till at length
Growing with strength,
To make the circle weave a perfect band
The brow to bind,
While thereupon was set
Impulse, at self-command—
Which mutinised against it, to forget
Its lien,
How it had first-birth for its own abuse.
Then must again the Mind with kingly mien
Once more do battle, with its children's fret
With their incongruent,
As all the streams run backward to the sea,

As if it argued its own argument,
Grafting the untoward crown from Mutiny,
Warring its diverged pulses, as a foe.

For here, the ground vine grows
But growing mounts,
And mounting fades,
And fading mounts again to higher glades,
All intertwined with the rues of War,
The nebulous creeping, constant parasite,
Working its own despite,
From red, to white.
From white, to ghostly purple at its core.—
Its weaved petals, stains that Stoics wore—
Its closing foldment that which is the Mind—
Passing the torrents, falling from its founts.
Now lost in lonely caves,
Now flinting waves,
Nor yet it wins but wind
Now shuddering up a dismal depth of height—
Now eddyng into ghostly wills afraid
Of motion and of light,
It is all laid
Upon the slender shoulders, of the Soul!
Mounting upon the Purpose, of the Whole!

Yet, Children of the Sun, my tongue of faith
Rumours of portents first disconsolate—
For many lives, I feel, that we must sow
To reap the single harvest of our fate.
That we are gathered where the four winds blow,
To numberless bodies come, and crave inmate,

To all the ages, the world's tables show,
 And natural sun-dials of the hours state,
 Until regenerated from wraith, to wraith,
 From out our wanderings, we somewhat still shall know.
 Shells of my Soul, how many have ye been?
 Where were ye nurtured, on what ocean tossed?
 What nations frequented, what wanderers seen?
 What globes inherited, what garbs, what screen?
 What many strange and diverse fortunes held
 That now between the Earth and Sun do lean
 My thoughts which have been traversed with the world?
 This, is not Oriental pedantry,
 Nor springs it, from across Nirvana's sea,
 It is my life, that sends such faith to me,
 To measure with an equal darkened eye—
 The Past with the eterne Futurity—
 Since one magnetic drop upon the Now
 Splashes the blinding drop, from which I die—
 The Sun has other systems where to light
 His hidden sight—
 His world repelled, Janosial replica—
 The systems of the Heavens are abridged
 To the close reading of Earth's fugitive,
 As if Time's Ocean of Man's Mammalia
 Refused the answer "Whither" with the "How,"
 Until the seas at last shall be pillaged
 By the cognition that we only live!
 And nought can ere be lost—

Atoms of pre-existence melt and merge—
 The air is chaos' Archæologist—
 We totter with twin feet upon the verge—

With twin eyes see, with twin ears hear—
And list
Stratas of selves, whose burials we resist—
Yet, somewhere is the axis of the sphere,
Some faint day must our generations show
Halved on the crescent of their own eclipse.
To me, it is when no more nether woe,
Nor outer pain can lead the Soul amiss,
For this I live, for this my long parched lips
Eat silently, the sands heredical—
And do forego the Heavens' anointed kiss—
Because the faint dewes of my sorrows fall
Upon the tarnished globe, terrestrial.
Gathered to self, with stars so few and small
I watch the sunlight down the west decline
Contentedly, knowing it seeks for mine—
Some other space where I must surely go—
In following the reconstructed cheer.
Mark how the symbols through the blackness shine,
This outward life is mine, this one is thine,
This is my face, mine eyes, mine arm, my hand,
My brow and arm arterial,
Yet all into one dust must intertwine
And this rising again, shall recombine!
Yet what grave law between material
Cohesive matters and the Spirit stand
The Ghost of Semblance! Consecrated Form!
As if the rain replenished in the storm
Upon another lift of Air should wait.
One, in re-purposing a new estate
From which the Spirit led forth with much ease
Its squandered habitude, for such as these

Its integrating bodies should replace—
Yet grows no rose the same, in form and face
But uses the use-matter of its shape
To let an instinct born of death escape
Which nurtures not the spirit of its husk.
No human bones the same, regather, me!
A new verse comes with every song's refrain!
A fresh note re-establishes its key!
And something parts which coming back again
Accepts her varied mutability—
A perfume makes the roses' squandered musk!
An added thought gathers the vampire breath!
And what is seed of Life is seed of Death!
Till, as the flame regenerates a fire
His own identity which must expire
Alone by the addition of its hire.
Yea every time, a spirit doth return
Its taper on sidereal Earth to burn,
It has an added wisdom to its lot—
Therefore, alone, Fatality is not—
Nor can a sire leave his entity
In any willing soul, who would be free—
For all addition, as a chemical
Shall spot the small walls of the simplest cell!
And Spirit above Matter, complicate
The impulse, and o'er governed growth of Fate!
O let my soul, in each ecliptic ray
Attain fresh wisdom, that at length which may
Not be for others, but itself indeed
In others' clay—
To shatter other Need!
Not faster than an Atom goeth God,

Nor swifter than a climax dies the Sun,
As Earth progresses we progress to shun
The evils which await us in the Sod,
The path dissimilar has end the same—
Even as doth the fire and the flame—
Earth works through us, as we may work through Earth,
She bears us all, from tired birth to birth,
While individuality goes silent through
All, which it blends her to imbue,
That years, which bring mortality, and use,
The Sphere's breast, make and break, but cannot choose.
To form with all discrepancies, and justice thus—
That we may meet her, and her course meet us.

O inner, hidden Will, I cannot see
I know that I am taken to agree
With what is mine for what mine own shall be!

Ye who suffer, come, the night is black
None, save the Secret, knows your agony
But ah! dear waiting Ones, ye turn not back—
Ye cannot, for the Secret has the key.
O, unto all and all eternity,
Be it for joy, or suffering, at last
The Future comes—ye cannot have the Past.
Bend down upon a glad adoring knee,
Listen! ye shall hear—
The chains swing on each year,
Nay, bolted is the nether hemisphere,
And lo! its chains encompass even ye,
Till one more anguish flung, upon your Soul
Shall let ye pass an unpermitted goal


Children of Sun

141

Accumulate a change,
Until ye range
Your bated Aura, and your Aureole!

How many, many years the birds sing on,
O, caged bird of the world sing on and out—
O, changeling bird!
O, long has been immersed in truth by dawn—
Linked between all sight and sight is sound,
Beauty has sung her image to the ground,
And now the truths of natal notes appear
To wing their way into the inner sight,
Let every Soul fold his broad cadence clear
And pierce with yearning float, the vault of night!—
The Word is ever waiting to be heard.
Although a beauty marvellous was caught
And symbolled in the flesh, as Portent-thought,
The higher climbing Sun, will be too bright
For human eyes to gaze upon unwound.
In silences is sound—as Faith is Doubt.

Not yet can I pass on, for I must say
The darkness light,
Before I pass away,
With the Sun Children, to the couch of day—
The morn is breaking in the mauve midnight,
The onyx is all bright,
But further still—O, it must be the Soul
That shall communicate, the lighted Whole!
The passing onward to the perfect ray
Join then all hours, in your dance of black,
Hide your face stars that guide in re-dismay.



Turn the great frugal sleep, of bodies back
To hunger, and to thirst,
That still the first
Material instinct reign, and then a sway
The Children of the Sod, with Air for breath—
The Children of the Air, with evening's fall—
For be it Life, or Death,
It is for all,
The Soul that leads unto the gated Sun
And has the path rewon.

The child calls once more down the Halls of Peace!—
But now he wakes the Present to increase
The wonderment for the miraculous!
He calls, and calls, even the Sun Child thus!
His voice awakes the woken slumberous!
Shriller, and shriller, on tympanum years
He beats the moving sunburst, of the spheres!
And makes the hearts which shriek in silence thrill
The voids across the caught-predestined Will!
All of the Nations, as if chords of wind
Flap their mast sails to thunder in behind,
The spirit army winged with impulse throws
A shade as if a million evenings grew
At once, out of the shadow of the rose—
And images of all religions came
And lay amongst them as a tongue of flame,
Little Krishna, Buddha, Zeus, and Christ,
Them unto whom the less gods sacrificed
Gautama, Sinto, Janos, Odin, Thor,
And he who in a casket of old lore
Sailed down the Nile beside the Pyramid—

The Malay and the Slav, the Greek, the Dane.
 Till lastly came to dwell among the crew
 Upon the tottering fane
 At portals
 One, who his eyeballs hid
 Until into the quiet night they slid
 To give the place for mortals,
 The coloured pagans, lemon, bronze, and red,
 The white Caucasian, and the Indian bred
 Among the pines and cedars, sleek of tread
 Alive and dead, in growth or pall,
 Some breathing tenderly,
 A child asleep upon a mother's breast,
 A man who wanders 'neath a star-branched tree
 Making a sport with his imaginings—
 A monk at wineful prayer of celibacy—
 A woman's pillowed face beneath her hair—
 A grave's uncouth and yearning occupant—
 Those out at sea who hear the ocean's chant—
 Those lonely in the desert—
 These astert!
 Those who wear
 The leaves about the wood for garment dress—
 The lover whom the maiden doth confess—
 The grandsire and the granddame beautiful—
 Here are their souls! Behold the sky is full!
 They have come out to meet the midnight, all!
 They cannot be at rest
 There doth assert
 Within their being, fanning of such wings
 As may be symbol of their upward flight!
 The question down the long nights' echoes' rings,

An Earth Poem

The Sun along the long Dawn's seaside swings,
It is not answered yet, not answered quite.
Come Children of the Sun, I change my tune
I carry to my lips the horn of moon—
Since on the path so many questions fell
'T were best, to doubt, than to be Gabriel.
Light passes through the sunlight as a shell,
And now the dark
Is left alone, to hark
To hollow wakening of the sleepless lark.
And still they gather, they will mount the Sun!
They ride him from the ocean down the sea—
To where mists fall, above the lower sky
They have not passed—I cannot see them die—
I cannot see them fade from off the lea—
The latest Death to Light, and into Sleep
That leaves no echoes on the mornings' steep!
Still gold,
In mould,
Remembrance makes Eve's hair—
And protoplasms of an antique dust
Cling on the Sod, and linger in the Air—
Fulfilled is not the Babylonians' trust—
Spotted the East lies waiting her compare,
Unless she feels through every vein, the Sun to run—
There can be nothing won
Upon the brack
Despite Despair!
Children of Sun, pass on
Not yet the dawn—
O run with fair feet faster than my thought!
Does not a vista, dare imply an end?—

I must pass back,
I cannot more ascend,
Though far I sought—
Let the great vision be with peace withdrawn!

Yet, what is individual, has rest
Within the crying of the multitude,
With their ambitude.
As if, a snow peak on a mountain's breast
Higher and higher, wing the endless brood
Through,
And one in the communion of the quest,
Banish the single pain for greater good,
Love remagnetic thrills for the unknown,
And here the end! The Sod shall be resown
And brimming o'er the Sun, the Sun shall pour
Larger than self upon the closing door.
The Souls like atoms, once disintegrate
Shall mingling heave remultiform as Fate—
For O! when once the seizure on the root
Has been, who shall not dream the after fruit?
We had the Body, and we held the Mind,
A heart around the Pulse of Heart did wind,
Till in the ages past the ghost of Death
Stalked forward for his prey, to teach them whence!
And if now we lay hands on consequence
The while we still our breathing quietly,
The Soul,
The promise must return its goal,
By slow rotations round the belted past.
We shall become by use our gods at last,
For they who have the strength re-open life,

Take up the tender dead form from the grave,
Twine the limbs' motive to the motive rife
Which is no longer limb, the motive saith
Since use itself, itself shall learn to save,
As labour shall increase by thought to see,
As thought shall have a feeling faith in thought,
As ape has grown to man, there shall be caught
The penetrateless in the veil of naught,
And man become the godhead whom he sought!
Wait, for the forms are changing by degree,
The Sun's imprisoned prism
Lends a ray
Faltering anew across the path of day,
The dove's wing lends the peacock's tail its hue.
Was it so strange how all the flowers grew?
Will it be strange if man outgrows his way,
And from a mocking angel, whose derision
Is our arrision,
Man's self laughs loud
Yet doth himself, bedizzen
And be by self re-risen?
And Matter which was once itself a cloud
Allowed,
Pass back, across its Sun to pass away?
Revolve! evolve!
Until the well of light
As if a shield of golden breasted night
Shall sight
And sound dissolve
And yearning of man's bosom be his clay!
One, both in Death, and Life, is the return—
Sun of the morning which the nights' suns' burn!

Unseen, O Soul! Thou Species still unseen,
 To whom Man's aspirations learn, and lean,
 Whose Body is his Thought, whose Life his Dream,
 Whose Individuality the stream
 Of all his Purpose, Thou inoculate!
 I sing, as Sun, as Soul, as Growth, as Fate!
 As Hell, as Schism!

O futile Sun!
 As yet, so fragile thou
 Thou liest thy dim brow.
 Each evening, where the lowest waters run—
 And art returned each morning to thy task of heavy climbing
 Thus Heaven and Earth combining,
 Fortified in timing,
 The light to its divining.

How justified these souls, that take their flight
 Each up the sky a passing eremite,
 Nor pursuivant, with the red Earth below their height
 No longer bide regality of state,
 Deeming the regal coffer desolate,
 Wherein with lock of lips, and bolt of hands,
 They sent their guarded wealth across the lands,
 As blisses round the Autumn draw forth blight
 If all, the kith, and kin, of the world's rout,
 Is wisdomed Man, conceived of Harlot-Doubt,
 Let us die on Sun Children, and die out!

A leopard skin the Sun wears in his woe—
 His dark corona doth with dark lines flow—
 And his dark spots have lines we may not know.
 When to the night he sends his cup of wine,

There is no telling of the brim, by line;
The tangled regions of the photosphere
Shall then, envelop man's appointed bier!
Or from the spectrum of the disc, be seen
Fresh intertangled rays of solar green:
Or, shall this our own Master, vernal, young,
Leaning to Earth with yellow carpets hung
Not carnival us, to our own surcease
Lifting us into further stars of Peace?

The view of things terrestrial passes! See!
The vortexed Soul conceives each galaxy,
Around by comets, stars, and systems, wend
A meteoric bounty to the end—
And chasmed in the purpurate well of night,
The perforate hearthstones of the worlds requite
The fire in the heart. O World! O Soul! O Child!
O great abortive Atom undefiled
From thy white disc, as timid as the morn
Shall spring at length, the bourne—
For where the Throne reigns, Empirical
The reasoning of the Dragon shall let fall
The spit creative in a nether ring
To spore the spousal lion to his spring,
Till, with an answering jar the spheres are set,
Unto the Master un beholden yet—
And, as the Eagle flies he hesitates
What star, into his bony beak he takes,
Or makes,
To scavenger it up and down the dark,
Till lo! beneath his talons drop the weights!
The ray its prism yields!—gives forth the mark

Where it shall glow in firmamental fret!
 Hark!
 What sound is it that vibrates through its shriek?
 The evolution of a species! Clay
 Fraught with the thunder tumbles into day!
 And voice from casual Word to Word grows weak,
 With its ascension to the Speech Unheard
 For thus, the mission of the Sacred Bird!
 What is the secret of the Sod
 Save God!
 Speech, close!
 Children of Sod, of Air, of Sun, close! Close!

Now if ye see not, wherefore can ye see
 In solar realms, or worlds campestrial?
 No more of speech is given unto me,
 Children of Sun ye are immersed in light.
 Whether in life, or death, if ye desire to be!
 I leave the strain, I seek the astral
 I merely say, what unto me befell
 In thus so seeking through the Heaven, and Hell,
 Which garbs, and guards the world, in mystery
 The Secret and the Soul, the God, and Sun,
 Comingled seem as one.
 And that great inner self, which ever lies
 As clear and dark as night
 Closed in the eyes—
 The self's own individual Emprise!

My heavens tottered in their afternoon,
 So large the full and blown bowl of blue—
 The one drop spilled, and Air had no control;

An Earth Poem

Till the red Sun was mastered by his fire,
Who once with steadfast steps climbed up and high
And was no more, Lord of the Universe!
Hush! He was climbing with himself in lieu,
Was bearing up the burden of his soul,
So that before the impress of the moon
Had shadowed twilight to a dim desire
Upon the western gate his course adverse,
Children of Sun, succour Him, let him die!

The twilight, like a world exotic King,
Had closed my mind and left my heart to sing!
The small moth flutters, and then falls to rest—
Not I, for I shall take it on the wing,
Protecting all my flight, this sword of song,
Piercing the mighty breast
Of dim reclining darkness, through and through.
I wot by pulsings of my heart, my goal—
I do not need the Mind's recasket lore begun—
The Heart—nay, nay, the Soul shall show me where—
The Heart which faltered in the noontide Air
Shall play the hierarchical ante-roll,
And Life become almost as 't were a Soul!
The Sun has sunken on the broad sweet bay,
He has repealed his overtures to-day,
But lo! I am the Eagle of the Sun;
I follow him in most sequestered way
With balmy sleep, and revelry of sway.
Hidden save to my inner eyes more strong,
While all time, for his sight finds disarray!

Would it be strange, if haunted are men's signs

That spiritual Death no War confines?
 Or spiritual Life, no Death may need?
 Or that around me, while I do succeed
 In forwarding my soul, should lives attend
 Unseen who had this purpose for their end?
 O, all my cry is for one opened spill,
 Of all the stars that cluster in my will!
 Yet, lest they reign in stuff corporeal
 Which falls upon the light reboreal
 More slowly, then allow in astral mien
 My upper spirit, to break through the screen
 I am a seeker, I abhor shut vaunts
 Of needless trammel, and remouldful wants
 Burying all the deaths, I need not die
 To let loose all myself is all I try.
 Unfortifying what did fortify
 My smaller ways of gain,
 O Sun to lie—
 With outspread oneness, on thy golden main!

Earth, thy full cup of wine
 I know, I have not tasted
 But have wasted
 The bubbles pleasantly above the vine.
 For can satiety an individual visit, whose size
 Is all humanity!
 Or one life symbolise
 Creation's sea?
 Nay, save there wake between a human breast
 And thine, an incompatibility
 O Earth, O goad, O rest!
 Below the treasured Heavens waiting be!

It seems in night I live not, nor do die,
Lest laughter of the world should pass me by,
Lest from the revelry's sonorous moon
Some echo, come to hark me of the noon;
I lie abreast of a new hope alone,
And gather back my thoughts, unto their own.

Into this world, an untuned instrument
Was sent the Spirit!—
Winds that round it blow,
That pass all growing flowers without care
Of nurturing thought, and heed not all the hills,
That stir refracted waves upon the sea
And are for seasons but their wayward child,
Drawn faint phantoms of heredity—
Must touch the Soul to sound,
Must make it fair,
Take lamentable stress for it through space,
Draw for it, through the dimnesses fresh wills
Till it inherit
Motion, and light, touch, odour, essence, scent!
The worlds on worlds of passion have beguiled,
Twining it round with sunburnt circumstance
That cries in passing torture of its wound,
In pæans, wisdomed unto music's willed instance,
Until to lovely Death this Soul, this Spirit go.

Then what is God, and what the Souls in pain
That come from hidden viols, with great sound
Like thunder, breaking through the constant rain
That night and day, dips the clouds' garments round.
Seen and unseen by element of stress, and hone,

Or weight of force, or measure manifold.
 My soul! There stands the rapturous Sun in gold,
 A faint star now is trembling up the way
 To where the purple hills their tents unfold,
 Till as a thought remembered comes the day,
 And the white moth of evening's life is done.

Then thou, dear Light,
 Thou questionable shade,
 Parade thee through the furrows of my being,
 Take thou the young Heart which desire made,
 Watch thou the stars within my vacant night,
 Bend thou, the god, above my benefice,
 Thou person within person, aid my seeing
 Of that sublimest glory which on high,
 Or lost in wreathing darkness, lies below,
 Will benison and bless
 In thy dominion, lead Thee where I go.
 I, I,
 How could I be Life's overwise accomplice?
 For every year this tiredness doth grow,
 Until as mounting, upon melting snow,
 The world bounds onward to its last excess.

Night, noon and morn, ye are commingled well
 For through the languorous mauve veins of the dark
 Slowly as on a shadowy stream, a bark
 Moors into morning, while the midnight moon
 In smaller crescent mimics the globe noon,
 But still more joined as echoes in a shell
 The Soul becomes a Body, and a Heart,
 Dons them for its own being's covering,
 Foregoes to grieve

That it may thus its higher self impart
From stillness unto motion, song to wing,
So that all Life waiting may hear it sing.
In the world above can we perceive,
The withered, palsied, famishment of prayer,
Or prayer alone, while sequented dear form
Shall not the Senses of Life bring to storm?
No gothic stone in Abbey purified,
But has the prisms in the grey stones dyed.
Nothing is simple save inclusion be
Within it, putrefaction, tarn, afraid
Of opaled memory upon them laid.
And opaque has a visibility
Through which the eye, must search that it may see
I as its compare
This wrong, the foul creeds that show,
Heaven blaspheming joy, would lend it woe,
And senseless have it mask thus sense, it cannot know!
Futile! I spread it with a lure of sight!
That I may see its darkness, and its bright!
I give it senses more than here we take
For feeling!—for e'en deaths of lives awake
A new sensation—where we watch them break—
Who has not stood before a sepulchre,
And felt the pulses in a new way stir,
Sense of the Sod, and sexuality
Reel in the quietness which cannot be,
Hunger and Love, increase when unfilled they await
By every moment needs unactuality!
To grow, to strengthen, and at last migrate.
I tread the streets of astral abode—
I am uplifted unto sights unknown—

Around me are the ways the spirits strode—
Whose wings weave paths about mortality,
I am at last a naked entity,
My flesh lies with the seed that is unsown,
I bend my brow and some still force has kist
My spirit, for I am a spiritualist.
O Children of the Sun, within, without,
I feel ye nigh with Promise and with Doubt—
Hush! Lest my course should become sensual
I am exalted unto such a spell,
Of over perfume sense!—
And yet, 't is well,
A frail god-hand leads me through the Immense.

The leaves were singing, and the branches wait,
The sunbeams sang as they passed through the gate
Where clambered in the west, the silent Sun
In rapturous state let mobile shadows run,
How far? How long? It is a thing of Fate,
Night is a carpet for aërial shapes
Of gods, transcendent man out passing far
To rest upon, and in the arms of Air
To sleep unseen.
Who would break one drop of the evening's dew,
Or with the impatient penetrable eyes
Surprise the shades of darkness, and bestrew
Slight mimics of the angry day's decease
With light, upon the separating green?
To Earth all things are fair—
To them that sleep
One calm unfolds another into rest—
I, who have ever wandered on the crest,

Go hence, and passing o'er the bodied deep,
Dream that the Sky, and Earth, are as the Sea,—
The Sea of Peace.

For twilight drops as from unnumbered grapes
The juice of light, which falls from the first star
And watching o'er the disentangled skies
There come the shadows, of the night to be.

If I go on, O soul, what will betide?
Shall I grow weary of the weight of light?
I, who before was novice to the Sun,
Shall Paradise to me seem dark with prayer—
And ecstasy the dust upon the streets
Where the man angel, joins the hallowed saint—
And prophet, the diviner angel meets—
Where sin, like a pale woman nun grows faint
With too divine a beauty, brought from tears?
Or on the long night's darkness, long and wide
Become an essence which is spiritualised?
I grope, and yet with freedom of the Sun
My arms outstretch for planets never won
My lover is the mist, nay, she the cloud,
Nay, she the dark, nay, but the crowd
Of hidden voices for again I hark!
I wake from my enfoldment, and I hear
The errand of the Sun, upon his cheer
Singing with voices marvellous and near!

The faint child calls down all the Halls of Rest,
Waking the sphered music from the breast,

He would the dream re-echo on the stream
 That unto others, it may glint and gleam—
 Some whispering echoes, from the self of quest.
 He calls for echoes that the Sun Child may repeat,
 Some bleared notes of the song, his ear doth greet,
 Some sound unpassable, some knowledge sweet,
 Which cannot be transmuted: Yet, may lie
 A murmur from the deeps of midnight sky!

In garnet pall,
 The Elder Day ascends
 To where he finds no friends
 In surpliced light.
 While over all
 The green grass, and the grey green vapours, keep
 The secret through the night
 Where he doth sleep.

If only, behind stars some Will be free
 Of Purpose. Patience; let us bide through Time
 The consequential agony of thought,
 And deed with iron hands bound unto deed defiled,
 And flux of impulse that with surety
 Like a great mother, bears a kindred child.
 Let us like breast babes, suck at the two seas
 Of change and chance, and where the parched sand lies
 Barren and bare and comfortless and wild
 Dear sleep shall be to soothe our discontent,
 With Heaven's bounteous mimic mysteries.
 We are, on shores immeasurably wrought
 Of ages, where the ancient prophets went,
 Where will of ours alone dismay defies,

And on the tottering margins of our day,
Climb to the places human and sublime,
Until the great wind blows all self away.

What are we little mortals, and large souls
That like a halo glisten round our path?
As clouds move past their suns up, on,
Farther and farther, passed the will to stay
We die as they,
Sinking as nothing where the ocean rolls,
Giving ourselves, our impulse, our controls,
Until at last, there hath
The power risen to confront our way,
Who has the eyes to see the dawn decay,
And something of the evening pass to dawn.
Take heed in comfort, lest the way be long,
And take not heed in constant mead, or measure—
Vain countings of a wrong, defy its death—
Vain pleadings tire voices for their song—
Within the heart of all the secret treasure
Waits, for the waking of promethean breath
Thine—thine, to give, and wholly half thyself
To spend upon, in giving life and light—
This, this absorb thee, draw thee out, make strong,
And e'er completed on the Master's shelf
Shall lie in vigil one more human life,
The sun shall spread his purple cloth for night,
The stars shall wing their course beyond the pleasure
Of God's, to spread on unillumined skies
Their radiance, with a calmness rife
Within mute Heaven's long protecting eyes.

Forgive me for all placements which are wrong—
Dwarfment of sweets
Which solitudes the soul
In its own ego—if my sad feet,
But follow after through the paths of song
When one hour sooner they had led the way—
Acceptances of blisses ready made—
Rejection, of the forming of small joys
With which fond Life, doth let her children play—
If I, but mimic praises of the light
Wrapping myself, in the close cloak of shade!
O this, the most forgive, if, in the night
I should be hindered by some small alloys
From my first goal, not to replace my goal!
Forgive me if I mimic my own song.
Worlds without end unnumbered and untold!
Each star once for it chose its satellites
From planets numberless. Thus let my will
Choose from old glories that which it creates
Anew in reverence by their placement here!
O mighty worlds, for cadence in my shell
See that I be washed up, by new waves still
Dripping upon the beach, each afternoon—
Forgive my hesitancy—which hesitates,
Pleasure my thorn
As my delights—
Snarings, and spell,
Forgive me more, if the dawn find me old—
Bringing the same mute music to thine ear!

Then Soul of mine ascend, take thou thy flight
Into the perishable night,

Let darkness fold me,
Let sweet silence be
The unrequited messenger of thee,
Until a thunder waking from the sky
Thy great response of immortality
Assure thee in thyself—let the clouds make
In hiding thy fair presence as a light,
The measure of thy upward soaring clear—
Palpitate through the ether, till there break
So loud a beating on the low air's ear,
That if thyself, unto thyself, should die—
Thy element of Heaven would draw near—
O brave and lovely Soul, soar high and high!

O hungering sense of wild relentless laws,
Why hast thou made me this, that for faint cause
Is seen but a far echo half distilled
O'er moonlit valleys, sun-girt oceans hilled,
In soft wave valleys, till I seem a blight
Half upon nature, half upon the light,
Ununified, unvitalised in force,
Part for myself, and partly for remorse
Of vast outgrowing Nature, that she can
Create no unity in pulse of man?
Fain would I be like him, who in the dome
Finds entity of will to bring him home.
Who striking his broad trident in the seas
Still knows his entity, their mysteries
Who peoples planets, and o'er governs chance,
Making of myriad forms his own romance—
Stilling creation, allowing it to be
For ever struggling to him, nor yet free,

For even as his, our sequestered forms
 Of life. We know, like him, the land storms,
 The tender south-west wind, the burdened tears
 That fall in Time's dear passage like the years,
 The single trees that in the garden shed
 Their immemorial silence o'er the dead,
 The simple rose, the guileless asphodel
 With her white stains leading the way to Hell,
 The bloodless poppy by which sleep has caught
 And held the bosom of young dreams to naught,
 Fulfilment of gold corn in autumn fields,
 And wheat and barley that the full grain yields,
 The apple, and the cherry, and the grape,
 That lit a liquor from their perfect shape,
 A liquor in the autumn lent to lips
 That long have hungered waiting their eclipse.
 The nothingness of airs that rest and shine
 Making the sphered Earth with them combine
 The law of her creation, till they twine
 The lucid passion of humanity.
 Yea one of these, even like one, to be,
 And not a variegated essence wrung
 Of music, coming with a myriad tongue
 From out some worn and circumstantial gain,
 Part ecstasy, part song drift, and part pain.

For sword of Time
 To Earth, not only unto her,
 Who sleeps
 Lying confessed,
 Hath thou thy later wisdom all expressed!
 In warfare of such hilly steeps, as climb

An Earth Poem

Above Earth's natural welfare, in the deeps
Of common sense!—
But unto all, thou deignest eloquence,
Who see thy long blades burnished in the light! Shall I aver
The mental strife,
Those who imbue
The well kept flesh with senses strange and new—
And use thyself, for other claims than life?—
For perpetuity
Implies a gradual yearning, in whose noose
Are caught without omission,
Hapless in their fruition,
Sleep, child bearing, and a wide nutrition,
Transmission,
Which let thy sovereign power again run loose
To labour, and to prayer,
To slay far other things of Earth, and Air,
Symbols and portents, Child-births of the Mind,
Divergent sleeps in old necessity,
Whose vaster surname still is energy—
And hybrid fruits
Which in men's hearts we find—
Therefore thy sword upon the sunlit routes
Shall higher still be held,
Till for new purposes by strange recruits,
The shadow of the sword, shall slay the world.

Yes, on Mankind!
Man has the choice, though it be bitter guile
His energy, unlike that which is found
In seed, and growth of ground,
To bask



In bird, and animal, broods but awhile
The way to tend
About itself to wend,
Sleeps, feeds, and then is free to soar, or droop,
To spot, or fleck
Its pinions into ruin and to wreck.
To loop—
No least task
Preordinates his use—
He must have choice
To barter, or to make, destroy, or build, or bind,
Sorrow, rejoice,
And so his soul goes fluttering wide, and loose.

Is this then not the question unreplied?
Not even for the compass binnacle
Here, in Nature's latest creature
Decked in godly traceful feature,
Feeling himself as potent, and as free,
In choice of ecstasy,
And long endeavour,
As are the stars which can shine on for ever,
Thought born, thought bred,
Manning the Earth with tread,
With feet most lightly tied,
With forehead crestial?
Now he is lost, an Angel glorified
Walks on no feet, prepares no ritual Mind,
Obelisk's Thought, upon a pinnacle
That glints above the thought he left behind;
And above Earth in spaces, wide, celestial,
Allowed is to have wider strife to be

A chord, or discord of all Harmony.
The Air-waves beat beneath him—
The Sun's rays no longer one in disentangled glow
Break in renewed effulgence through the dim—
In legions of the spheres he shall become, and know.

Let us assume that God is simple state
Of an entire consummation, or the pause
Or cause
Where gravitation ceases. Lives that here
Have found their latest excess, or their bier,
Go on through lives of the celestial sphere,
And many spheres, before such light be won.
God in this Life is Will, within the Sun
Is, Impulse, farther on, we may increase
To have desire perfect in its birth,
Then will the end come unto any Earth,
Or planet with the Instantaneous—
It is alone, while Time moulds slow or fast
Futile returns of pulses, there shall last
Need for recrimination in the vast,
For Peace
Misunderstood by us
Attainment is, that does not hesitate.

Perchance, this Master-Spirit in the west
Who leaves the stain upon the ocean's crest,
And leaves us for a time to wake or rest,
To think, to dream, on portents, may be for us, our God?
He looks as red as hearts that bleed to win
The secret reflux of the growth within,
He seems accustomed to all things; the Sod,
The Air, Himself;

He watches pelf,
And watches actual gain, and growth, and light,
He is in day, and magnetises night,
His white expansions seem our souls to fain,
He spatulates His form, as we our pain,
Ah! Surely He is God or very joy
Of His own life would slacken His employ.

Floating chimeras why compare
Thy beauty, to a substance tangible?
Why not tell
The hidden wonder lurking in thy grief,
That makes our share
Of Soul here still in anguish find relief?
In the same power's potency,
All in great majesty,
Doth Time roll on, bearing his world to sleep—
In crimson splendour twined with calms of prayer—
More, and more, may pass as waters through the deep,
Of sense,
Yet still, an eloquence
Of falling tears makes music on the Air!
O sing, that these shall pass, and passing die,
And not that beauty crumbles into naught—
All Heaven to me must be a well of Thought,
Or shall I vainly, frequently decry,
Thy Sun for thy dear pale and wondrous Moon
Child that the planet Earth brought into pain,
And so to birth,
And swoon.
O Music come again,
Maker of tears, that passeth, and must die.

The faint child calls down all the Halls of Earth,
To wake the souls of elder life, and birth,
To wake the rich, and poor,
To cry the feel
Of trumpets ceaseless in their woe, and weal,
To cry awide
The silences in songs unjustified.
That with their frailer notes cannot endure!
To cry to the forgetful all his lure,
Mocking, I mimic him,
For I have heard his sighs
On ears of Time that have not grown wise,
I sound the Portent even through the Dim!

What shall be just since Justice is defied
By sane exemplifiers of life, who tried
To wed faint Custom as an alien bride,
And their own souls beatitude, as ever,
And take their souls as trophies brought with her—
Trophies and jewels from Kashmir,
Brought to the desert's caravansery,
Who through their sense her touched, and tasted fair—
Have wed their brains to cobwebs of her hair—
With sensiate fear
From dreaming of the diurnal stars that set
In their desire as an amulet—
Who have come back to drink her fresh young lips—
Nor dreamt the way she sips
And found them perfumeless—
Who have gazed long
Upon her eyes, where those strange mirrors throng
Which image Earth and image her through song,


Who take her Sphinxlike hands—contendedness
 And use her long used body with new hope
 To fashion wings,
 Or wingless breed a child—
 For giving Life that still her chalice sings
 To sad convulsion of the undefiled—
 Who climb the ages' purpose, as a rope
 In which each knot must spell heredity—
 And spot the parents of the ceaseless sea—
 And still through Fate, have been reaselessness,
 Barren, with but the longing more to be.

Who shall be just since Justice is defied
 By the exotic courtesan of self
 Who worships by her bed of sacrilege
 The ego only for the Ego's pelf?
 And steals the wanted heir from the Queen's womb?
 Which vampirise all mute glad things from Will,
 And torture human wills until they swoon
 In abnegation, or forgetfulness,
 Whose swollen umpire would disclaim the Sun,
 And dye the lions' skins in blood of lambs,
 Making the lily spotted by the rose—
 Would have their justices from hopes denied,
 Would have their honest hopes expelled by shams,
 Would have the morning disregard the noon,
 And all that has been won
 In pupilage
 Of skies eternal, and of dark's reclose,
 Be mute and still;
 Save where such knowledge opens sores and woes

Breeding the bitterment's regretfulness,
And lays the bright Sun, in this seeming tomb.

How little sound they make these moving Souls
That pass terrestrial abodes in pain,
And wander somewhat in the orbs of bliss?
How little sound falls from traversing feet
Touching the ground, with motion's wilful kiss?
Only a faint gong murmurs in the goals—
To tell the way they struggle, and are vain—
And struggling on, rest in the recomplete.
But for us here, where oceans make their plaint,
Thunders have voice, and winds in passions roam
There is a music loud and terrible.
The falling of the rain on Sod, or Stone,
The flapping of the eagle's wings in flight,
Songs of the birds that sing by morn, and night,
And stranger still, here where we seek for home
Tears, laughter, melancholy, mirth, and moan,
And possibly an answer sharable
Vague, loud, sweet, shrill,—tumultuous or faint!

Life, thou eternal organist of day—
Who on the billows of the wind doth make
The trees and rivers, into pipes of tone,
Or sounding with great thunder in the night
Brings sparks of heated fire through the storm—
Who crushes drooping pearls the stars away—
Whose wintered passion makes forests retransform—
Thou wouldst not, this last Love of ours forsake?
Nor come with dimness on autumnal blight?
More pitiful it were to be alone—



Than to reach towards thine own imperial height ;
O glorious Sun, I wake, and through the night
Thy wreath flaked moon, but leads to lands of sleep,
Until awaking by the dawn seas deep
Once more shall I behold thee in my sight.

Mad morn,
Glad of the thorn,
Wake, rise,
Thy very burning Sun shall solemnise
The rites of anguish with which thou art born,
To pour thy gold drouth down the long noon's horn
And drink it with thine evening's dew's anointed
To the dark midnight with her black lips torn.
Thou art again appointed
Now thou art by Children of Sun worn.



Sonnets and Other Poems



A SONNET

I WOULD be some vast, dead, gold sonneteer
Who heralds forth the crocus and the rose,
Or down the high mid-passage of the year
Blow blasts for empires that seek repose,
Or with the fall my latest period close,
Or as Apollo with gigantic cheer,
Or sadly hymn of death by blighting foes,
Or tell how last sun's rays shall disappear.

But all the time, my verse goes out to seek
Rivers that gently wander through the plains—
And with sleek winds sing the disturbless trees!
With accidental butterflies full meek,
Whose wing before the least of purpose wanes,
Or but go humming with the summer bees!

THE WOMAN OF HEAVEN

THE sky is as a woman's purple veil,
Doth she enclose a harlot or a nun?
What is the face, that ever must be pale
Beyond the fretted risings of the sun?
Now dripping fires in man's fingers run—
The strands that ravel, as the faint clouds sail
While winds remesh and tangle o'er the One
Colossal Entity, unchangeless, frail!

Mother of men, beatitude serene!
Watch this behind thy closure infinite—
Mother of blooms, that grow contentedly,
Of clouds repured and conquerable night—
We crush each other, in our haste to Thee!
Bend for our hearts thine omnipresent Screen!

SONNET

WITHIN a beauteous thought serene and whole
Is grown a fair garden, where I may
At my desire wander, or make play
With grass that needs no ritual to control.
No path there led me, save an oriole
Whose tortuous throat leapt forth to lead the way,
And there awoke for me in wilful sway
Some lovely flowers, waiting for my soul.

Where one night, bending 'neath the sunset, I
Within the cool of evening would have held
A bulb within the sod of this still place
Till looking in the glass of a pool's dye
I rose in horror seeing it the world
And the deep lines of passion on my face!

SLEEP

O SLEEP, when take me further to thy heart
On falling eyelids path of dark'ning deep,
To lead me to the vistas, where the steep
Elysium blindness falleth, and thou art!
From out thy lids no plaintive echoes start,
No dire Earth her miseries can weep,
Nor on thy bosom, thou exalted Sleep
Can care take harbour, or thy amour part!

If thou canst not eternal mistress be,
Then portion well my visits to thy dome,
Thy high locked chamber wrought of ivory.
Where thy low Circean winds lead those who roam
Whose hands hold ever the unseen gold key,
Dreamers of clay, to call thy bosom home.

SONNET

CEASELESS

O WAR of nature, leading to bright cause
Of some glad haven in the desert set—
Playing with light between the Sphinx's paws
Immutable, intangible as yet.
Have thou a mercy on each soul; forget
They come to thee with burden of self laws—
Within thy bounty, with an urgesome fret
That shall outspeed thee on thy course, nor pause!

I climb and climb and never am forspent
Though hidden 'neath the height I seek to win
As glacier torrents of a mountain peak,
For some still echo calls me from within,
As if the wind upon my instrument
Were strings of music, still the voids I seek!

DISILLUSIONMENT

TO sink away in sunset like a prayer
Being but hope of truth, which was deferred.
To hear the grasses murmur "Ah, not there,"
And the god mumble o'er his human word—
To feel the poppies' kisses in my hair,
And hear the Sod's deep pulses never heard
Laying my ear beneath the rapturous air
My breast for lovers who are never stirred!—

Down, into silent Death—to waiting Death!—
Tearful with eyes that longer need no tears,
Counting the futile pulses of the breath,
As the gulls seek the sea the scattered years—
While over all one simple spirit saith
"Down,—down like vapours to your moveless biers."

UNSELFISHNESS

IT is alone, when we reject the heed
Of our own beauty, or our claim on it,
That to us Earth doth open up her creed
And from her beauty, words of ancient writ
Are spelled upon the vision to befit
In effluence the tender of her gleed—
As if our strata held the soul's sanskrit,
The Yajur Veda, for the world of need.

Therefore, in gardens of the lovely earth,
And the foam gardens of the outer seas,
Let us in pleasure wander hand in hand—
Clasping the joy which was our own at birth,
With later creatures of a lesser ease,
Till there shall ride a rapture through the land!

SOME MUSIC

BEFORE thy music I, a lotus, lie,
A reed that bendeth to the poise of tone—
And when I seek for thee, and am alone,
It seems to wake such music I must die—
To perfect this accord, each note I try
That rests in human need with minor strown—
And now I kiss an ear, and now a cone
Of echoing caves, that join the sea and sky!

Now I am mute—but whether life, or death,
Shall give to me the murmur of thy voice
I cannot care—my will goes out of speech—
My longing harks for some earth given breath—
Is it thine own? May I arise? Rejoice?—
Or penetrate thee between reach and reach?

TYRANNY

AS long as thou shalt drink life from the skies
With slow belated hands of negligence
I hold up Heaven!—knowing it were wise
To drop the chalice of its consequence
And mark the splintered shape! Lest some surmise
Lay in the shatters broken, whose new sense
Should turn my face from gazing on thine eyes,
Of paradisial promised eloquence!

Yet, day and night, as still my fingers clutch
The heavy borne weight above my head,
Thou blind'st with sleep my unaccomplished will—
And torturing me, with thy demanding touch
Fret my endeavour, till I turn instead
My whole unmuted purpose to thee still!

DEAD DAY

DEAD Day why hast thou sunk within the west?
Arise again that I may see thy face!
—If only thy ghost come to me to grace
My habitation and to make it blest!—
Die not! Thou child of fortune lulled to rest
Within the twilight's, eveningtide's embrace—
Upon the breast of Heaven's outspread space
O thou, who knew my suffering the best!

Dead Day! why hast thou died upon the lea?
Upon the waters do I watch thy pall!
The evening wind arises calling thee!
And unto thee the shrouded streams make call!
The dark'ning mists obscure the voiceless sea!
But thou? Dead Day thou art to me my all!

SONNET

THE heart breeds hunger from rejected bliss
In the strange lines of a forgotten face,
Or touch upon the brow of lips that trace
The perfect circle of a lover's kiss!
Or but remembrance, which makes of this
Small climbing Earth, the anguish of a race
Leashed in the frail mind's tortuous embrace,
Knit to the young soul's waiting chrysalis!

But while the heart makes motion, day by day
The pulse doth take her long accustomed right,
Whose children we, regretfully obey,
And summon forth our wills to meet the night—
While netting wisdom in heartrendering sway
We stay, to greet the coming of the light.

VIDHATA

VIDHATA wrote upon thy broad clear brow
Who keeps me from thee in the fate of men
With palm leaf, and a snake skin, and a pen,
Given upon the night of Brahma's vow.
And though I should encompass thee, and bow
Before thee as a reed—and although when
I sorrow I am thine—our commune then
Was ended if the longing haunts me now.

Some hold that human life was made of dust,
And some combine with dust our will as air
Most alienably lost in quest of soul!
I am a Hindoo though I pray no prayer
To any imaged Buddha, nor have trust
That aught enfolds me, save my life's control!

AFAR

SMALL is the earth that roundly spheres for souls
The young white crescent of her perfect moon
And trumpeting forth faint music, from lost goals
Pauses to hush them in her afternoon—
That none may know the way that she unrolls
The silent night where comfort is unborn.
But on the waiting earth again ensrolls
The symbolled question lies in birth of morn.

Across the veil, each tear is filled with joy,
And on the breast of Mother Certitude
Lies Rapture sleeping as a slumberous boy:
There is no sound to break the solitude—
Save Gabriel's trumpet in its own employ
Calling the vagrant souls from hill and wood!

SONNET

DEAR love! I seem as ever at some brink
Waiting for the lost transport of thy word
To bear me on—but question as I think
That this is not for me—but the unheard
That sings around each breast as if a bird—
It says me well, that I must rise, or sink,
Steadfast, alone, so conquered and averred
The doom of longing for the hope I drink—!

Yet, sometimes in the syllibance of night
I catch an echo, that is not mine own—
A parched long cry from some forgotten pain—
Hush! it may be my heart's voice void of tone,
Or a mute whisper from a life of light
Led in the past, that may not come again!

COMPLEX LIFE

UNDERNEATH each mind lie slumberous pools
Of lives forgotten, and of hopes forsworn,
In quietness we wake unto the morn,
But as we know the ocean's grave sand-rules
Lying beyond us o'er the rounding sky,
We realise that below our happiness,
Or our despair, the sunken pools confess
A mirror of ourselves, beyond our eye.

If one might go beneath the crimson heart
He lives right royal with, in sovereignty
—The great display of nature—he would start
At miraged shadows hungering to be free—
O Life! between all time, and time, thou art
Only the surface of such mystery!

SONNET

THE softest green is hidden under shades
When in the afternoon the torpid sun
Beneath the pines, lets his red fingers run,
Thrilling light shafts into long colonnades,
That interspersed with shadow branches,—blades
The dagger lights, until they are as one
Bright path of colour, underneath the dunne,
Which circling round them, into darkness fades—

Are not thine eyes like light when thou dost turn
Thy lips and hands from mine antagonised,
The while I wait thee where the shade is not?—
While on thy path, my hilted daggers burn
Unsheathed for thy caress, and sacrificed
From purpose which thy heart hath all forgot?

PAUSE!

THERE are still moments wedded to each thought—
They dance the minuet of day, and night,
Sweet as a bower in sequester wrought
For subtle dreams in sleep, exquisite, bright,
Moody, yet tauntlessly still held to light—
As if the girl of day, her fair feet caught
Should wander with her eyes, in their despite
Within a cobweb grass, of mist ensought!—

Or do upon a strain of murmured air
The pauses fall, to make the tone more clear—
Or on the heart, the burden of a will
Too slender to embalm itself in care—
Too shrinedly encaught, to let a tear
Know that within the bosom it doth thrill.

A PALACE UPON SANDS

I MIGHT have built a palace upon sands
But I remembered its futility,
And all the winter surges of the sea
Rose as to wreck the structure of my hands—
Then drew strange, sane men round, He understands,
They spake, the laws of mutability!
But the same time there grew regret in me
As I went wandering through alien lands.

Walls, very walls, arose before my mind!
And parapets and chimneys built to blast!
And loosened gables swinging to the wind!
Frail fragile windows to the hill waves cast!
O, thou sad wisdom of the heart unkind
This might have been mine own within the past—

SONNET

WITHIN the forests' tangled arabesque
I watch thy form with hidden archery—
To pierce through shade, thy figure statuesque
Sequestered 'neath the leafage of the tree.
For from within its ample branchery
Thou veilst from me, in woman guise Moresque—
Mosaic in Nature's armoured filigree—
Bowered for aching heart in far Floresque.

I would I had the eyes of genii, so
Sights of the sense, and of such dimmest wold
As mocks the shepherd's quiet sleep were mine—
And thoughts that into shadows ebb and flow—
And wilderness of earth's recessions fold
For bright imprintment on a single shine.

SONNET

THE darkness broods, as if the mist of eves
Yearned to caress the Earth in showing guise,
For all day through, around her silent wise
He held her promise to the night's reprieve
A husband waiting for the child, which leaves
The breast it clung to with the matin's sighs—
Knowing her bosom his, the while disguise
Mantles her thought which for his tenure grieves.

The myrtled ocean calls him to draw close—
The birds call to him with their throats asprayed
With unrejected music, far, and near,
As if the calling of the heart to glose.
My God the air is round her all the day!
And Heaven protects her through her hours of fear!

FUTILE TIME

ONCE I began to sorrow with the sun
And it was sunken; with night—then was risen
Dawn, in the cornfields, apple-cheeked a-mizzen—
And noon eclipt her bounty, while begun.
Life thou art jesting! While thy fair feet run
Across the shadows which the lights bedizzen,
And with thy fairness thou art wan and wizen!
And with thy youth, thine age already won!

O Time, what wilt thou with these perishings?
Wilt thou not in thy changure sip my grief?
Day, and at midnight, thou hast stilled these feet
Thou wilt not harbour love, sick cherishings!
Thy wind hast blown o'er the sorry leaf.
O give us joy! Thou canst not, thou art fleet!

LOVE OLDER

THY hair is parted on thy widthless brow,
And certainty is on thy seeing orbs,
While a sweet shadow thy round cheek absorbs,
Have the gods come, to crown thee even now?
While elder youth laughs from my wide lips trow?
And fruits of youthage lie in heavy korbs,
As Springtime bird in Indian summer worbs,
The paramour of autumn's winging vow?

Wert thou as young as heyday in bright May
Thy comeliness could not outblush the rose:
Wist not, remember not, but in this hour
Forget not, we have lived to find our day—
When ground-hog sees his shadow on the snows,
And winter moon reflected seems a flower!

THE STARS

THE young night rides above in regal state,
Behind her car the pageant of the shades,
The while the clouds float into white mossed glades
Beyond the portal of the heaven's gate!
Draw in the tired light arms of the day,
And let the limpid moon rise kind and fair!
Golden the war sun sinks, and as a prayer
There come the still sea's murmurs far away.

Peace to the corses of the jungle trees!
Rest to the rivers that the oceans call!
O'er slumberous mountains of the centuries
The dimness of the laden shadows fall.
The stars bear forth their scroll of mysteries
Spelling a Dragon and a Dream to all!

SONNET

ONE reaper comes who says to me, and thee,
The moon is dead, the sun is yet to die,
And I, who most have watched within a sea
Of longing, marvel not that such as I
Who have no nether harvest fields to try
With scythe, or any strained cup for the bee,
Where latest life of summer left the sky—
Should be recalled by death to pass thee by.

But should I turn from hierarchical bliss
To watch thy face a little, and thy smile,
Open it wide, as when the earth makes shine
In young sidereal morning, and for this
The sun shall carry me across his isle
In imaged shape more human than divine—

MY KAKIMONO

THE Kakimono in my house of light
Is of thyself beloved, day by day,
I change its lustrous beauty!—night by night
I cast the picture for a new away!
As thou dost grow exalted in my sight—
From resonant gold—to ravish gold and grey!
For now some ideate angel thou art white!
Now super-subtle in thy tint's array!

I draw thee by an act of my own will
Upon the rice paper, in form and line
Until thy shape like some traced wraith appears.
O if the painted image were not thine
But mine own hand's work, in the doubt and still
That compasses the labour of my years—

SONNET

LET us relive, again, as if to-day
Grown in the springtime of our own accord,
With gathered hands we might at evening lay
Upon an altar where no prayer adored
The saint iconic of the passioned lord—
The tangled buds which cluster in the spray—
Which Mother Earth has for our being stored—
And now in thoughtless heed we toss away!

For it were wonderful if youth were wise,
And it were beautiful if one might see
Innocence running from the belted land
Out to the hindered boundaries of the skies.
If I could walk on calor waves to thee
Or thou couldst touch imperceptive my hand!

DELIRIUM

WHO threw the dust into the blind one's eyes?
Was it the Sandwoman near the shoals of Time
From her grey bag, that held with must and grime
The grains' compassion and the grim surmise?
O, I am lonely underneath the skies!
Strange I have never—cannot be sublime!
I mock the ocean as I strive to climb—
And the waves leave me barren and unwise!

Now I am blind—inexorably blind—
I see death faces that are calling me
Where large lips droop to catch the falling tears.
Shall I regret what I have left behind?
Shall I go out even across the sea?
—Across the aversed comfort of closed years?

AT LAST

THE Sun at last shall garb the World in black,
And round his course shall dance his satellites
As mourning widows, dressed in robes of nights,
Till as the ocean from the moon draws back
One long last ray, their rimmed forms show in lights—
Then shall the harvest, which the moons retrack
Be desolate of grain, save where the rack
Of gaumless souls turn home as hungering mites.

Thou art like me, O Sun, thou hast withheld
In somewhat light, and lustre, thy sad heart—
But now, the eagle nearing more to thee
Shall go out with the great winds where thou art—
And death with highest climbings in the sea
Shall cover our twin bodies and the world!

THY MEMORY

THY memory is like a garden cool—
Where winds of night their grave siestas take.
There let me lie upon a lucid pool
As closed pond-lily on a lonely lake.
My heart was hot with love, thou couldst not slake,
And now has gone from out thy realms, and rule,
Nor with thy faint young bosom's breathing wake,
Leaving a shape behind thou canst not fool—

More hushed am I, than if I should be dead,
Parted from thee, who hast my shadow kept—
Let the trees of thy garden sing it well!—
Allow the flowers still to wreathe its head!—
Permit the rain to touch it which was wept
From Heaven's heart for all whereon it fell!

A SKULL

A MUTABILITY my hand doth hold,
For in my fingers as I press it tight
It drops a little dust, as if not quite
It were contented with its shape or mould—
And what has change is neither young, nor old,
Though driftless centuries may there unite
To parent it to birth. Touch, motion, light
Torture and sever,—eternalise, enfold.

O 't is a native moment for my soul!—
This skull as near me, as myself may be,
A tabernacle it has used before
Bleached in the sun, where endless suns must roll
To endless sunsets on a tideless sea—
Hush!—Lest it be incarnate once more!

NIGHT

NIGHT is when the day for her dear sun
Wears purple weeds and rue at his demise—
Her somnolent beauty rests about her eyes
Which in her sorrow she from earth would shun.
The stray stars circle, till they make a crown
Of empire reaching to the upper skies—
And in the west the patient shadow dies—
And pitying dark like moistening rain falls down.

Into the bosom of the moving vast
The day birds nest to still their wings from flight,
The seas like pilgrims all their waves have cast
Upon the shore in the tide-drenching light,
Passively, Sleep, as Heaven's antipast
Comforts the world, her long protecting Knight.

CONVENTIONALITY

BEHIND the evening, like an elephant
Dim with dark hind and ivory tusk for moon
Bearing the world its burden of musked noon
There comes a form, who gravely doth enchant
A pæan and a psalm hiberniant—
In whose hands lie a cryptogram of rune,
And while his beard he strokes, doth most entune
The secret sorry syllabents thereat.

Go, ghostly form, and leave divinity—
Thou lovest best to mouth the word of doom
In melancholy utterance uncouth,
Holding thy brazen beads across the gloom,
Thy book, and soul before untutored youth
Which images a live eternity.

NATURE

HOW far is Heaven on a day in spring?—
Farther than light encouched upon the grass—
Farther than can the lumid blue a-wing
As soarer of the sun the stillness pass—
Farther than day who long doth kneel at mass
Where orifice of apple-blossoms swing—
Farther than startling Hours who alas
The melancholy leave of summer bring.

But in the autumn, when the heated rain
Warm from the corpse of leaves grown scarlet cold
Under the feet like osier crystals start,
And cover in their passage cloud and wold,
The lavish One again with bended heart
Burdens the Sod with her celestial pain.

TOGETHER

I HEARD from out the wind swept harmony
Of being, this tumultuous trombant cry,
That thou shalt live for ever, thou and I,
Treading the cosmic paths of the to-be!
The clouds of evening hurtle o'er the lea,
The dual essences of nature ply
With rhythmic efforts, sequently they die,
And even is this so with thee and me.

The clouds of day and night but meet one end
To wrap the ceaseless motion of the sphere
In saddest darkness—Ever now contend
The elements of vibrant power. Each year
Grows heavy with its own weight, as to spend
Its futile purpose on this globe of bier.

SONNET

BY pool of Sicily the young boy sate
Piping on reeds which envied all the throats
Of sleepless birds, until its thin sweet floats
Defying air, which builds for sound a gate,
As if he sang to some enchanted mate
Whose omnipresent beauty hid in motes
The while, their filmy form had met his notes
He sang the morning out as if 't were Fate.

He still sings on, in hidden Sicily,
And pipes the world in his delirious verse,
While all the lands run sinking to the sea
To hide the loadstone of the universe,
And makes disaster fail in melody—
—He pipes of giant stars that bear the curse!—

SONNET

MOCK not the spirit which in torture holds
The unwrit scroll, to breast and ear of Time,
Or seeks the sundered apples which in golds
Strove to be full in Hespers' western clime,
Unseen they bloom, and hide as if from crime
Of long delay, in consequential moulds,
Into the blue of Life as bells of thyme
The perfectness of air her texture folds.

It is the seeker for the mute beyond
Who garnishes his kingdom with best pelf—
He has forgotten how it was to rest,
And in his long abortive ways has found
An abnegation for his rod of self
Which is of all creative goods the best.

SONNET

WHEN we from sluggard calm, are called by pain
As if a deferential mien to wear
Towards life's realities, we know the share
Of suffering is large, but has no gain—
And are bent down as broken stalks of grain.
Having assumed a passion of despair,
Harboured alone by the receding air,
Tortured by tumult, by disaster slain!

O how much frailer than my thoughts, am I
That they can measure me a kingdom vast
Outside my being, and above the sky,
Bounded by no futurity or past,
To oceans where they must return to die
Bravely as rivers sailing from the vast!

LIFE'S FEAST

IF Life shall still invite me to her feast
I shall not prove myself a morbid guest,
Although in travelling from the innocent east
Unto the far and sun beridden west,
My spirit may have dreamt its course oppressed.
I laugh, and kiss at last the revel beast—
The wines from ancient mouldering vineyards pressed,
The rapturous fruit, where even growth has ceased.

For was my soul but born to have been pained?
And was my heart renailed upon the cross
For this?—That even ere my life had waned
My red lips should have tasted bitter loss,
While sat Control above the board disdained
With brooding promise, like an albatross?

HEREDITY

MAN is fulfilling some old sire's design—
His are the lips that touch the future's face,
And his the hands, by whose suppressing grace
He brings the world its forecast and its shrine.
Possession, and free will, and present need,
Commingle, while the spheres are moving on—
Yet, piteously the sad night whispers, dawn
Will come too late, for each to claim his meed.

O Father! What dost thou desire through me
That thus so barren stand I in mine age?
Thine aspirations I imperfect see,
And hold thyself alone my heritage,
While by the laws of mutability
I leave mine own mark on the written page.

SUPERMAN

I N me is dust wed to a master's will—
I am the marriage of the Sod and Soul
Of all earth's aspirations—and in whole
Clairvoyant to chaotic wisdom still—
I thought that I was human man, until
Above my being rose with surging roll
Eternal powers, while below them stole
Clay—in my body, to itself fulfil.

O thou most dread, and yet beloved decree
Of self-created Life, I love thee well.
O thou most profitable state, I see
A beauty in thee which I cannot spell—
So mystically wrought with Heaven to be
Held by the chains of the earth-bounded Hell.

THE FUTURE

HEAVY pressed One, our hands unwitting touch!
Our shoulders feel not, with their bended weight,
We scarcely think on Thee, who art so much
The guerdon and the donor of our Fate!
With meagreness of mind we hesitate
To mark the river's current, through its rush
That flows in silence from its source to mate
The sinking sky who meets it with a blush.

O tender future, by the eyelids fast
With heavy dreams, thou wilt not give to us
The direful burden of the out told past!
A Greek Athene in whose mind we thrust!
For cipherless eyes, that question thy forecast
Thou lendst a wraith of beauty luminous.

NATURAL PROGRESS

I

DAILY the course of some refrequent plan
Makes us remember, we are bent as reeds
Upon Time's river where the world succeeds
And the enamoured sun is held in span,
For fugitively, do we seek through man
Still for his being's uttermost desire,
Whose burning oil, upon a fateful fire
Rose into flame, when first his world began.

For lo, there is a purpose in the whole
Which doth outwisdom all conceived thought,
And ushers the gold stars above the seeds,
Whether earth work for our inherent soul,
Or for self comfort which through us is wrought
Since there incurs a purpose in our needs!

II

Through usages of those most vernal ties
With which earth holds the matin and the moon—
The passage of her life from night to noon—
Or eve when she doth close her children's eyes—
Or alien use which natural law defies
Of stranger human breathings—whose hearts meet
About her throne like birds whose bound wings beat
Athwart the rampart of the hidden skies.

Therefore when seasons have their fruit recalled,
 And silent years have all their waters led
 To surge about our knowledge of her lands,
 Let us remember, where her will has walled
 The bastioned sky, our purpose overhead,
 And the reseizure of our lips and hands.

III

Whyfore are we of voluntary calm
 Desirous, while with certain fortitude
 Earth doth apparel us in this her mood—
 And chains us to acceptance of her alm,
 Letting life fall on us in bounteous balm,
 In easing comfort for the highest clay,
 Making a motion for us, night and day,
 Till we lie pillowed on her dusky palm.

While we, by conceit like the moon's lost light
 Would but remake ourselves a lamp to guide
 Tarnished and sacramental through the dark—
 And trumpet the great herald of our flight
 With noisy vision, sounded far and wide
 While she unto our silent pleadings hark.

IV

Yet there are matters foreign to the Sod—
 And what shall be replenished year by year,
 Though it be smaller than a broken tear,
 Or some adventurous vision of a god,

Natural Progress

With which man goads himself by staff and rod,
And wears the sandals of his own advance—
And comforts thus his tiredness in trance
Of alienation from the clamberous clod!

For who can tell, but in the ill advise
Of his attainment, and incarcerate war,
Rising between his body, and his dream,
He may exalt himself to sacrifice,
While peace shall reign, as it has done before
Bearing the martyrs down its quiet stream.

v

With beauty in a wilderness of mind
The inward heart upon the world looks forth.
And as progression turns from fervid wroth
Conquers rejections as a thing unkind.
Thus nature, parent to the guiding wind,
Seems parent to the astral blooms of sight—
And sounds with which we make aerial bright
Our thoughts, which we by thought to earth do bind.

For later blooms of an austerer coast
May rooted in our firmer wisdom grow,
And hold no commune with material earth
Save, where their Mistress, they have made her most,
To chance it with the winds, in which they blow
And hold for them their secret—Death, and Birth!

VI

Colder than fingers that have scarcely held
 Fruitage, or leaf from the primordial tree,
 Are these strange fingers which have ceased to be
 The soul-cup bearer to the passing world!—
 Are all leaves shed, and have all trees been felled
 Within the pallid forests through the night?
 Where the loos'd spirits do their form requite
 With gnomes, whose heavenly beauty they have spelled?

I fain would walk within a forest vast—
 And hold communion with the sun and trees,
 And as I slept, my dream should round a space
 Towards boughs of heaven, where they hang at last—
 While hearts round spheres, with a love hastened ease,
 Engulphed in either forest's resting place.

MY CRY

NOT now, not yet, for me, but I am grown
In lordly pride, I see thee—I rejoice!
Thine the loud music! Thine the plenteous voice!
Thine is the seed, and sod, and seed re-sown!
Thine the completion! Thine the crown and throne!
Thine all the impulse!—Thine the kept estate!
Thine the kissed pilgrim waiting at the gate!
Thine all the world, and all the sky,—thine own!

O, how can I be sad, when thou hast come
To tilt the mountains over and climb on
Like some lost genii stalking to the cloud!
I speak thee, in these vain words and am dumb!
Nay, I but tune my trumpet Protean
I beckon to thee! and I call aloud!

Other Poems with Sonnets



THE MAKERS OF TO-MORROWS

THINGS that are unseen, unknown,
Atoms that scarcely are wed,
Hidden as crocus bulbs, grown
Under the soft soil's bed,
Thinner than tears unshed,
Softer than softest silence
The music, when heaven sorrows—
These are the gods, of the realms and the sods,
The Makers of To-morrows.

The world whirls, circles and crestward
Is hung in its large blue sky,
Day travels westward, and westward,
And time exists but to die,
Yet the past
Will last
For the tombs of the Ptolemies stand high,
On the Sphinx's breast
Will the ages rest,
And their opulent glories still try
To obscure in clouds of hidden shrouds,
The Makers of To-morrows.

Ye who have come from the womb
Give to the past womb no thought,
Ye who have great deeds wrought
Look not ahead to the tomb,

The Makers of To-morrows

Take but the present indeed,
Enjoy now whatever will come,
The glories of spring
In remembering
Are naught when her voices are done!
See, the fair flowers, they grow
Blossoming, exuding perfume
An ecstatic moment of bloom
Even with ye, even so!
And Fall has a harvest to reap
When she must haste to her task,
O'er the fields still the sunlight will bask
When the freshness of summers die.
Think not of dull winter's snow,
Skies in their anger may start,
Some are so soft
That in falling, aloft
They will melt, ere they lie on earth's heart!
While under the mire and marrow
Growths which are hidden from sight,
Forces of birth will bring to the earth
Rapture, and bloom, in a night—
And these are the gods, of the realms and the sods,
The Makers of To-morrows!

Then ever glory in crimson!
Ever expand to the light!
Cloaked with mists,
The darkness lists
To sorrow, and bear the night!
But stumble in the darkness!
Run up high heaven by day!

For do ye think on heaven's brink
Crimson lights decay?
Whetten and breed the mighty!
The present with its might,
In the full of noon-tide
Worship the gods in sight!
Lavish in achievement
All that ye have won,
Eat as Atalanta
The apples of the sun.
Beneath past glow
There still shall grow
A veil, in the midnight's train,
In the hour of dew
Fresh wills come true,
To make the world again.
Phantoms of trembling import,
Passing to find the clay
Take their forms, in the risen morns,
And arise to meet the day!
These are the gods, of the realms and the sods,
The Makers of To-morrows!

O Nations born of the body,
Peoples one in the clay,
All of your life, like an arch of the sun
Will glory to pass away.
Out of earth's womb, as a mother,
Out of the first fresh mire,
There will come the birth that will make of earth
Her flame in the mouth of fire!
Then, from the pulse of your effort

The Makers of To-morrows

Reign, in your sovereign noon.
Give to the height of your being
Your strength, ere the night bring the moon.
In the flash of the moment of triumph
When growth is at full, ere she wane,
Spill all alloy, in the moment of joy,
And free the bound impulse from pain!
Ye, who are masters of wisdom,
Thrivers of gold and of rule,
Your slow civilising intention
Shall bring forward the mass as your tool,
And as they pass on to the higher,
The next generation shall pass—
As tears on the rose in the midnight—
As mist on the dark sea's glass—
For the decay respreads its creation
To nourish the earth once more,
And the child comes out of the mother
As ever it did before,
And the things that are dim and silent,
And the tool that is hidden unseen,
Shall be the great
Who shall make the fate
Of the earth, and its old redeem!
These are the gods, of the realms and the sods!
The Makers of To-morrows!

Things that are unseen, unknown,
Atoms that scarcely are wed,
Hidden as crocus bulbs grown,
Under the soft soil's bed,
Thinner than tears unshed,

The Makers of To-Morrows

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Softer than softest silence
The music, when heaven sorrows,
These are the gods, of the realms and the sods
The Makers of To-morrows.

BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS

FROM East to West the pale winds run
And hardier storm winds from the sea,
While summer's day the sacred sun
Sends to the season's granary,
The years like birds are winged forth,
The hours are nestled as spring bees,
Till the long poles lean south and north
And meet, in star rimmed majesties.

Draw nigh, the citron is in bloom,
And olive trees on southern isles
Where life no winter can consume
Nor cheat them of their rounded smiles,
Beneath their leaves, that swing and sway,
Between which stuccoed roofs appear,
The later pilgrims on their way
Have come, to find the cherished year—

To bask in it, and let it feed
Some succour, for their fear of harm,
As round the kernel of the seed
The buxom earth winds her bronze arm—
Nor hasten life, but warm her chill
And constant seizure on the root,
Until the southern air shall fill
The world, with perfume of gold fruit.

Yet now before their course they drive
A spirit utterly unshriven—
For they would wholly be alive,
And driven beyond earth, are driven
To northern lands with lesser greed
Of nurtured life, and stronger soul,
Where clearer spaces seem to breed
A larger light, beneath the pole.

Thus, long with chiller passion wed
The earth her higher Nations pass
To colder climes, that have withheld
Our knowledge from the bending grass;
And tortured us with more conceit
Of self constructed measurement,
And lent us from the spheres that meet
A purpose, strange, without content.

Therefore the north whose snows are pure
Must give us promise of surcease,
And on her breast, such life endure
As cannot die and may not cease.
From cape to cape of Labrador,
We seek to find a resting place,
And look upon the twin stars' face
From what we are, and were before.

O valiant sun that tends us on,
And valiant moon whose life is lost
Usher us through the darkened dawn,
To where the day by night is crossed!

Brotherhood of Nations

And as we circle, span by span,
The rounded globe, with greater pain
Let us remember how there ran
The rivers, from the southern main.

Therefore, with comets let us sit
In council, till we learn from them
How yet to make our bodies fit
To kiss the coldness at its hem.
For long, in barbarous splendour wrought
Of time's spoilt struggle up the south,
No need there was, in flesh or thought,
Save to have knowledge of her mouth.

Now diademed our wayward mind
Which lastly doth all life caress,
And has the eyes, which make us blind,
In piteous thought's wide wilderness.
For here there rise forth phantom forms
To question, as they ask her balm,
And through the thunder of their storms
Can find their peace, in rainbow calm.

So with her snows that catch and gleam
In varied light the jets of noon,
She tangles dreams, within a dream—
As shadows web in the white moon.
And tired we, who so far see
And travel, for the uttermost,
Cannot find rest, whose course should be
To sleep, down the far western coast.

For we more vacant in our need
Cannot the silent word aver,
How growth doth make all bodies bleed
To pass the spirit down to her.
And hunger led by hunger's guide
A deep desire fixed in want,
Soars o'er the snows dissatisfied,
Seeking her long accustomed haunt.

And to the many lives that pass,
Would make the murmur lost, and free,
That far below where grows the grass
They might bend under citron tree.
For host to host together lie
Where suns the olive in the clay,
Where life did first with earth combine
To meet the vision of the day.

For earth, with ghostly eyes, did meet
The stranger life with hidden soul.
As now we in the north compete
To watch the meetings of the pole—
Ere we, in thought, were hurled afar
And by the mind were bid to see
The tangled boughs beneath the star—
Which make the northern citron tree.

And from the body's warm caress
Turned we like ghosts, to meet the good
Of a contagious blessedness
Which thought held in her alien brood.

Brotherhood of Nations

Till over long, confronting earth
We saw the passage of her breath
Kiss the wide open lips of birth,
And the white lips of waiting death.

Meantime, the heavens lean above
In starry vaults that seem eterne—
Then, in the heart of spherul love
Shall not our pulses meet and burn
Till stars seem citrons of the south,
And dimmer vaults their olive trees,
Where sunset opens the earth's mouth
Which dawns caress, with ecstasies.

For in the time, ere earth shall wane
She shall our million lives imbue.
Incarcerations still retain
In splendour of her song and hue.
And when she passes that same course
Which long has held her in her reign
Her soul shall be as ours, which force
From death a rapture beyond pain.

Two ghosts appear on emptied space—
And first embrace with mouth and hand,
And then they turn each willing face
To what appears as snow-bound land.
And now they cast abroad their gaze
And seem some vision fair to see,
As if more ghosts within the haze
Stood in long groves of citron tree.

LIFE

O LIFE, enfold me once more passionately—
 Forgive me!
What if I should have mistaken Thy achievements, for thy
 purposes
Sorceress?
Sweet-breasted mother, lean lowly, tenderly, caressingly,
Over my head put thy hand, O enchantress, O mate
Consume me, believe me—
What if Thy desire should not be this, my fate?
If Thou like an innocent, pale cheeked girl did conceive me?
Forgive me,—pardon me,—
Suffer me once more only to be to thee gladness!
Suffuse me, delude me, and harden me!
Make me more crude to thy striven-for guerdon of sadness!
Take thou compassion—
Put thy red lips to mine Life, till I drink of thy being,
Grow thy confusion,
Pygmyise me in my entity,
Burden my soul, if inheritance hold such delusion,—
In the night I would be but the surf washed up from the ocean
Unto thee!

Great-hearted warm Life, O Life of maturer emotions,
Mistress Life, wife Life—O poor, and most pitifully chidden—
Soft child of parents unseen, hardly discernible—
Make me more kind to Thee—Thou of aloofnesses hidden,
Sacramental, unreturnable!

O, live me—forgive me!
Take me back unto Thee, once more prodigally, and re-
pentingly,—
What I have known of Thee I have lived, O now live me!
Test me, bone of Thy bone, thee representing,
Heavenward soaring!
Rest on my wing, O maiden Life young and adoring,
Cling to me Life, frail, girlhoodly—trustingly!
See for the clouds pass by, they are only the front of the
vapours—
Kiss me, thy sweet body tapers
From rimmed hip to hip, O slip to my adamant shoulder!
Cling closer, bend nearer thy holder!
The wind goes over the blue sunset hills from me gustingly.

O Life, baby-Life, featherweight, infantile, creepingly!—
Lo, I ascend to my sleep with Thee sleepingly—

Take me,
Child-bearing make me—
Forgive me. O, lo when the dawn wind cries to the morning
awake me!
I would forsake thee—

Ageless Life, older than Adam and Eve in the garden,
Forgive me—pardon me, harden me!
Sphinx-like Life, with eyes of a cat, looking at
All my imperfect potencies, exigencies,
Behold, I trow,
Communicant with all, I become, as I bend, to ascend to Thee
now—
Forgive me, pardon me!
I rise!—I pass on!—I exult!—and I come to Thee!—

LINES

O, IF I only knew that thy mouth would never more fail—
I could draw Love down to me here, I could hold him
for ever—

For the day is warm, in the blue of the sun's golden fire—
For the night is white with the moon, and pale with the stars—
And passion cometh to Love, at the lip of the lyre—
—If I only knew that thy mouth would never more fail—
—If I only knew that thy life would never expire!—

Feel! The kisses they fall on the long cold chalice's brim,
The chalice is Life,—is Life Love, awoke in thy face!
It glories thine eyes—it waves the soft hair on thy brow—
It touches thy lips with shade poppies—it rests on thy chin—
It laughs in the tip of thine ear—and O how
It magnifies all, to supernal delight, and eclipse!
If thou liveth on—why my heaven is here,—it is now!

STRUGGLE

WHAT mighty impulse broods about our ken?
It seems as if a tear could make the sea—
And one evaded moment's agony
Turn, like a bastioned army of the sands,
To gather to the lands,
In times of men.

Above thee, Silent One, the clouds pass by—
Yet is thy voice the thunder in the sky—
And from sweet sleep's luxuriant beds of tarn
Doth rise thy ancient body, with a sigh
So deep, that in it lies humanity
Endless like balls of yarn.

Then, thou dost walk abroad in mighty state.
Thy name is Struggle! morn and noon and late
Thou castest thy dim will, from void to void.
And in thy giant arm the little world
Nestles to thee in littleness, and grief—
Nestling to thee as if to be upheld,
Till as a doubting child may find belief,
Toys with what thou hath toyed.

The Moon and Sun, the frequent stars that shine
In vigils for themselves:—these all are thine—
Thou hath creation like a snake defied,
And gathered lilies where white stones have died,

Thou, who awaketh from the morning seas!
Thou hath these things, and thou art one with these.

Thou art the foeman to love's hidden hate,
The anguished ardour of the desolate!
The stars look for thee, in their long embrace
That century on century did trace
From earth's created self, up unto thee—
Doth gaze the mighty tumults of the tides
That lie in under-ocean, and there hides
The soul of man within thee, as this sea.

Born with the weight of knowledged ignorance,
Slowly before thy steps the spheres advance,
And hesitating, in thy sudden eyes
God as a tear, that in its fair self dies
Turning thy purpose into sympathy,
Makes thee for all,—until we cease to be.

PEACE

FROM elemental substance which was wrought
Collateral with birth, the early earth
Did habitude her kingdom and did bear
All diverse substance in a dim desire;
As dawn doth light the white torch of her fire.
The great vermilion substance of the dearth—
The fragile emerald of the hills by Tyre—
The turquoise sea, that like the sky did wear
Her garment every morn continually—
The night that cast her shadow on the lea—
The golden Sun and the pearl Moon, the Bear,
And the great Northern Dipper towards the pole—
As manifestial visions of her soul.—
Then sprang the loose Nile 'tween his banks of clay
And sang the seas about their continents—
Ashen Vesuvius gazing on her fire—
The sweet low waters in the hurtling bay—
The mountains restless, and the hills' contents—
The valleys, and the deserts, and the shade
Which gazed upon them ere their front was made—
The coral reefs that lie by ocean clift—
The forest trees whose leaves behold the spring—
The accidental clouds that their face lift
Into the vault of the dim blue's arcade—
The winters, and the summers, gold, and green—
The red, that bore the sunrise to the rose—

The grey mists that to mists were as a screen,
Purples that make the vapour as it throws
Its palpitating heart upon the scene—
The lands of citron, and the lands of myrrh,
The pallid sands of Ethiopia—
The cedar woods of Greece, and Lebanon—
The isles that sun their fruitage in the sun—
The Pamirs, the late groves of Tsin and Tsa—
Egypt that holds the sphinx, and worships her—
The black sea and Tung Hai in between
Krishna's, and Buddha's land of ancient light
Grown desolate with quiet, where they sleep
With togaed prophets still and neophyte,
For worship of the Karma in their dream.
Upon their graven altars bronze and white—
The place where ancient eyes were prone to weep,
While all the eddying waters, of that hour
Conceived the passionate East her lotus flower—
For gods, who bent their eyes upon the shore,
Knocked also there upon creation's door—
While Sultan's turrets, down the Bosphorus poured
Even as life, their wreath of golden wrath—
Sprang there the Western Empire unafraid—
The Mediterranean, in his northern path
Stole to where Peter in his House adored
The She Wolf of old Rome; the while was stored
Crowned Greece with Euxine and Eugean shade—
Spain in her splendour rose, and boomed adrift
The crest Gibraltar, and the Pyrennees—
Mohammed there, his prophet hands did lift—
While mild eyed Venice rose from out the seas
Joining the great Levant's Hesperides

With Doges. Then the Astrian with war
Of upturned face such greater realms foresaw,
From France, and England, Holland, and The Hague,
In spotted cloak of night, his banner bore,
Dreamt for himself a dream eternal, vague
As Cæsar's—Alexander's; while there leapt
The jaws of nations on like Lions' mouth,
Ate their own North, chewed on the bone of South,
And tortured Europe to the continent—
While in the west dim land, like a far nest,
Impulsed the eagles' wings for fresher prey—
For further on, the great lands could not flow,
There fell a hush. No nether continent
Could lure the resting eagle from repose.
Siberia put on her cloak of snows—
South Africa, as if an instrument,
Lay in the hands of powers, part as foes,—
And as a prism, beyond Panama
Republics shone in South America—
From Cape of Good Hope unto Labrador,
The Earth was bounded by the chain she wore,
The chain, whose first link was the people's weal,
The second link its outrage, and its war.
Yet greater good, the nations still foresaw,
Commerce built peace, for barbarisms' flaw.
And as the mammoth nations singly grew
War interspread amongst them, till the gold
Of progress, which at first did hesitate
With simple matter for its single cause,—
—That matter which had made the hills aspire
And formed the globe we live on for its growth—
Being the only implement it had to use—

So that no longer what was could abuse
Itself by self,—but turning into thought
Might grow a potency,—undreamt,—unloath—
To succour aid,—since there was nothing wrought
To differentiate construction, save
Its own complexity. Thus have we caught
Reason to guide, still let her guide beyond.
She denizen'd her nations o'er the wave,
She spilled her life less frugally for naught,
Now let there reign the reason which decrees
No slaying of live life, though it return
Cargoes of wealth, or that for which we yearn
In pride, and empty vauntings, of the mind.
But turn, and in a simple wholesome way,
Let matter in her highest form of life
Fulfil her progress through the bodies' clay,
Till she shall manifest a pregnancy
More ripe through man, for conquerage and sway—
For in his form is larger entity,
Grow thinking selves, and reason shall be found—
As in the first, sky, ocean, cave, and ground.
Assumed from her progression! Wake! Be free
To call down halls of long heredity
The stimulated soul; until behind
The peace of nations, body turns to mind,
To cast dim chaos back her rags of war,
As if they were not worth the search to find,
Leading lone matter towards a guiding shore!
Therefore since peace shall help to keep life's sway
In unprevented manhood for the mind,
As nations in their weal do royalty.
Let us have peace, and round about her lay

Our riper judgment, and our clearer sight,
Tutoring earth no further to delay,
Her progress through the still abortive night,
Nor making dismal flaunt of loyalty
Detain progression from her unseen height
Of soul and sense, that gather to the close
As vistaed petals of a whole world rose
Whose pollen breeds investment of more gain—
Perfumes of thought which not in vain we slay—
Since after the long summer of her pain,
Her natural rupture, her enforced decay,
Are all we have of her, to use, and train
For commerce, as the goods of memory.
Let us have peace! And since she, for the mind
Is a Levant of Harvest-Renaissance,
Behold with less encumbered sight the past
Which was the purpose of her blood choked trance,
And what we glean from what we leave behind.
That stronger still our reaching hands may last
To crown the brow of succour overcast!
What goods shall follow, and what gains increase
By spell of peace, and wars' futility,
Has footstep even now on labour's shore
In wide invention for facility—
Placing a great machine at nature's door,
And aiding commerce, by the simple use
Of nature's weapon of complexity,
Following as she has done before
The tideless vision of each common law
Be it for us, or for the land and sea.
For substance is the primal cause of Earth—
War was of use, while great war brought forth dearth,

And threw the dust of empire's sightless wrong
Back in their face, as challenge for the strong,
New bands, in which united men might hold
A wiser empire of a larger mould.
But now, in separated groups they stand,
Man no more for the state, lest it command
The lessening of himself, or integrate
The individual, who is the state!
And so crown peace the culler of that good
Which saves to use, and also to bring ease:
For after quest of golden Argosies,
Symbolled in iron portents, steam, and steel,
Which work by coalescence of the brain
Until it brings these things surcease from toil,
As nature engrafts air above the soil.
For, what need, if through man's progressing sight
He has already gained goods war brings forth,
Now futile to his upward onward course
—On both the victor's, and the victim's land,—
Should he have war, with all its emptied blight?
Or battle raise again her hammered hand
To nail the profit of the conqueror—
To roof his empire with a larger beam,
While peace, a minister of subtler thought,
Stretching her arm by friction undelayed
Can grasp the trophy of a stronger board
Than any armies bastioned can afford
To roof alike the splendour of her dome,
Bulwarking both the empire and the home?
Or on her breast, with strategy as child
Can gather in the spoils which war defrayed
By spilling coffers of the nation's core,

Peace

While cool eyed justice, like the scion'd north
Leaves still the emptied purpose of the blight
With bloodless import firm and undefiled,
For which the mangled corpse of armies fought?
O peace! Forgive that long thou art debarred—
That man with fated soul, of struggle fought
To gain, what thou hast folded in thy thought—
Raise thou the dagger which his hand has marred,
And place it from thee with a gentle mien,
Glad that he kneels to thee, at length to glean
Thy teeming temples' sufferance of prayer!
Thy time has come, thy way he did prepare,
Since now life needs thy soul as eremite
To take with thee, her long stilled inward flight,
Where science leads to show progressing stars
Whose battles are to cast their nightly wars
Of undiscovered, and predestined light:
Know thou thyself O peace, whose gracious right
Is burial of swords on fields of clay!
Erect thy temple on the swinging world,
That in thy nether hand, be simply held
Time's sickle to erase progression's blight.
With face of royal guise, and bloodless grey,
And eyes that gaze through lesser storm afar,
Ride on men's living bodies, as a car
Unto the perfect sun which makes his day!

THE SONG OF THE DEAD ON THE BATTLEFIELD

O DECENTLY put us away!
We are the dead, we are lying
Here on the battlefield, yearning
For burial sweet as our brothers.
We are the fallen, we know not
The outcome to earth, and the living,
Of the great onslaught which slew us
Sapping our bosoms of pain!
So we lie still in our slumber—
Battle scars over our bodies—
Numbness over our feeling—
Waiting for final decay!

O decently put us away!
Ye, who shall rise on the morrow,
While we lie still in our slumber
O,—rest us well for the night!
Fire moon-rise o'er the meadows—
The sky is a flame of desire—
Decently put us away
Underneath longing and sorrow,
Where we shall see no light breaking
On the sun of another day!
Moon and stars are resplendent!
Pools and rivers translucent!
Bathed in the black night's quintessence

244 Song of the Dead on the Battlefield

Earth and Heaven a-quiver
Lean now one to the other!
But we lie still in our being—
Dead now in death of the body—
Never now speaking our meaning—
No more hearing or feeling
The pulses of men, or their voices—
Irregular somnolence, stealing
Over our palpitant heartstrings—
Bending our sobbings to silence
Wait we the sun of no morrow.

Decently put us away!
Cold boards well fixed to the coffin
That which has entered decay—
Let us have damask to wind us
Folding our limbs in its texture!
Death flowers around us to crown us!—
White flowers, yea, and bright crimson,
Purple the passion blooms also,
All of the pomp of life colour—
Crocuses swathed in red yellow
Bathed in the lap of the sunshine,
Place o'er our corpses, about us
Where the cheek deepens to shadow
On the side where the chin line is ended
Along the battlefield's grasses
Dampened with blood of our wounds
Lay, the soft blossoms of morning
To expand and to flush as they once did!
See! We are cold! You may hold us!
Arms stretching over our shoulders!

Song of the Dead on the Battlefield 245

Lips burning chill on our fingers!
Hidden face dropped on our bosoms!
Bowed o'er the hearts lost to motion!

Decently put us away!
We argue not now for the future,
Think not of reason to give you,
Why we should yet wish for glory!
Let it suffice, that we enter
Portals covered with shadows,
Curtained yet from our seeing
While we arise on no morrow!
Now, we know naught of existence—
Stilled is the wind of emotion—
As stilled is the aspen tree slender,
So stilled is the pulse of our soul!

O decently put us away!
For no night waits on the morrow
Bringing us ought of repletion,
To replenish a life we have spent!
Give to us then, our due honor
Ye who shall rise to the day—
Ye—who have fought through the battle
Which led to the dark of our tomb!
If we had lived, we had met you—
Worn your triumph of laurel—
Come in victorious greeting—
One in the triumph of day!
Yet, still shall we lie with dead hate,
War, and disgust, and rebellion,
But no more shall suppression

246 Song of the Dead on the Battlefield

Be with us, haunt us, or rule us,
Uninfluenced by submission—
Infranchised for ever from custom
Breeding control as high wisdom,
Lie we as still as no motion,
Waiting for burial decent—
Decently put us away!
Into the doubt and the darkness—

THE GULF STREAM

THE world has a beautiful breast! Lo here on the sea!
It is soft with the fluid of vortices, from atoms made free,
Save to join them and hold them in love! The great wave and
the rain,
And the kindly long wind with his trumpet of pain,
Shall here have surcease of their foul agony,
And the ripped rough red crown of the sun on the sphere
Shall look lovelier here!
O, delicious sweet wane
Of the pillowous current of storm, like an opalic vein
For us that we know when we come from the lea,
Here urges its wrath into calm, as itself in the spray
And flies with the wings of its spirit away!
O nipple-red sun, thou wouldst have us to drink
Of thy light as a child at the brink
Of thy day,
On the sea of thy endless long year!

Within the southern seas—the seas to south
The Gulf Stream lies, like a slim softened mouth
Blue as with drouth—
Tangleous Gulf Stream, what wilt thou here, in thy multiform
flow?
Drink and be filled!—Thou art water thyself, save as show
Of thy prismatic passion, and closure of waves—
As a mouth in the waters of sea, thy crestial lips lave

O'er thy mesmeric pallor of brow,
Weird as the temples of Heaven, whose clouds are as thou—
What wilt thou with chasms of flow, as the spaces work now?
Succulent Gulf!—grassless and herbless sea,
Drink in the moist air that like foam dazzling widthless, and
 breathless,
Doth make thy wave coast
Like a ghost,
An atmospheric straight lea—
Stretch yonder arift to the heavens, thy form stirless—and
 yearning—and deathless—
For watch how the hurtling caught wave, like a baby asleep
Wanders down to the deep!—
It sends itself to the weariless worlds from afar
In sidereal love as a star.
Does it dream of the surface of ocean, or ocean crossed floor?
Nay, the babies laugh on as they sink to the bottomless level,
 and creep
Back again, with the winds that like music from bugles out-
 pour
Their honerous challenge to motion and sound as before,
Where the lone Gulf Streams are!

There is dust in the air, for the wind has gone out o'er the
 sea—
And the mind projects into heaven—propitiates into the
 light—
But behold—the blue withers to night—
Veil after veil it is breaking across, to be free
To spit in the face of the stars,
The history of the dim bars
And foam of the world breaks the hid mystery!

At tollic mountains rising beneath the Gulf Stream
In statilic redundance, why should ye children of primal
lands laugh?

Was not the past one great thee—

When waters turned back, with the lure of the crest of them
half

Towards the moon and her dreams?—

Towards the great sunken sea?

As the ocean pours on to the lea,

Ye did heave your wide bulks, then were free!

Then the mighty stars dropt, as a berry might drop, from the
tree,

And lo, as at sinking of suns, the rimmed oceans are red,

They arise now to mourn for their dead—

They come up with the night, and the dawn,

The surge of the waters, that form a great bowl, and surge on

Till the stars that are lost, rise as continents lost in their space,

And the Heavens, her hips between the chaotic warm arms

Of the spaces grows mute, as if conning endeavours and
harms

That should make them look more, on her face.

O waters of chance, how pure and how cool, by fresh lands

Drip ye your lip dropping surge

In succulent prayer, and what diurnal caresses do urge

The smooth rippling tides, that follow the sea to the shore?

Ye are sunned on by suns—

Ye are dwelt on by dews, and the store,

Of a garland of hours, doth measure the wreath of your crown.

Till the white waves, in white foam, like white asphodels pour,

On the head of the cliffs, and the down!

Yea, who gazing on thee, has concept of thy multiform chance

Thy circumfering trance

O sea!—

Thou doth reach like a serpent, and bury the swan necks of
Peninsulas, where

The Isthmuses lie in thy lair!

Thy night plottings with storms—

Where rocks clinging above, lean like land longing to thee—

Thou moulder of forms!

And in thy green hands, are the sands of the lands,

The porches of stars—

Where dead skulls like jewels have lost all their light,

Till the day

Cometh forth to return them, their prismatic ray,

And thou falter, and fail, while he lingereth there

For he touches thee too on the height!—

On the height of thy spray

In an all loving way!

What guideth thy course

O sea? what shadowy will, in an orb

Like a motherly face

Can absorb

Thy infantile force?

Spender of change! what fellowship hast thou with loss?—

All pervader of life?—There are three

Who have fellowship over the sea,

The sun, and the moon, and the air,

They will make him a cross—

For lo, in his chatter and tumult, of range

They will silence his voice to a prayer—

For the moon pulls him high, and the sun pulls him high,

And the air lent him now, as a garment to wear,

The Gulf Stream

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Is a breath of himself into which he must die!
O moon, thou succoured the past
Thou wert mother to him!
And O, red sun die last
Since thy satellite air, shall recover him fast—
For already the clouds which are filled with the dim
Are his envoys to thee,
When thou touch the last star
Which is sunken to earth, O sun, thou shalt see that he travel-
leth far,
For the continents rise, which were stars, which were set,
In his oceanous fret,—
He would moor to thy bar—!
And forget!—
He would touch thee at rim!—
For all shall be thine, when the fair years shall fall—
When the earth meets the sun and the sun meets the All!

But thou, simple Gulf Stream—simple, and sinuous, thou
I come back to thee now—
My tired head lies on thy warm breast, to sleep, and be still,
Lull me with bees in thy waves!
Hold me in caves
Where my spirit shall connote the will
Which is killing thee now, and shall kill
Even me, till my body shall fill
My incarcerate overplus soul!—
And thy ripening rill
Shall lie dead in thy goal!—
Nay, since there is slumber no more, in thy pale arms for me
Let me sing thee myself, as thou sang me the song of the sea!
O how passionately doth the soul

The Gulf Stream

Make a Gulf Stream lonely and warm!—
With its bleeding frail juices, and sluices—its eddyous storm!—
O polluted pale wisdom of self—hybrid and curving, loose
moons

Of the foam that but gathers to swoons!
Beating against the walls of self, I ride
For ever on the omnipresent stream—
Sometimes within the current's dark, for hours I hide
And lie apart to dream,
Until the end of all surrender mine—
I sink at last into the Gulf divine.

In the Gulf Stream of Life, the senses lie bosomed in under
its effluent tide

For what more sensuous, sinuous, than these sensiate waters'
warm breast?

Here, slumber itself with its soul finds rest,
In the Stream bridged between ocean, and ocean,
In this succulent winding way—
In this wild contagion of motion
Half smile and half sway—
In this nest of the eered seas—
In this line of the foam and toss—
In pliant line which the deep seas cross,
As a bird swinging south, and north, this suppliant line—
Delirious, and divine!

Phantom women of Sense,
Five, in the depths of the sea,
Wherefore have ye learned, to chatter, to chide, and to sway,
Yea, for what consequence?
Have ye not selves to reform, and to keep ye all day

Working through, as we work on the lea?
And great hair in the twilight to curl?
As ring upon ring, the sunlight like hair of a girl
Is swept by the clouds, in their nebulous circles, from hence?
Have ye not cheeks, and red lips, to vermilion in dark,
And white brows to remoon by a thought?
Have ye not strange eyes, to mark
With a long line of lashes that curve into naught?
Have ye not wrought,
Your fair bodies, by form, of a motion, whose undulous
whirl
Kept ye quiet from self, with your search through the coral
and pearl
That have trust of your forms?
Or do ye but wave your crescentine wills, and give sway
On the waters of day?

Skin of the Waters! how silken, thou hast made these girls'
veins.

That their sequented, slimness, restrains!
Didst thou know in the night, of thy storms,
How One with an odour, and One with a taste, and a thrill,
In the garments formed for thy daughters,
—Skin of the waters!—
And One, with her voice like the echo cast free in the hill,
Came over to me?
And One, O the last, with her form in the foam of the rill
Came under and held me with hands
Till I dreamt no more dreams of the way and the shine of the
lands—
Till I utterly lost all my goals, for the quest of thy spill
And surrendered my will?

Gates of the furtherest seas, where do ye close?
On hapless waves of sullen ebony?
Or make ye glad, with purple, gold, and rose,
Where is the gateway of the furtherest seas?
Like it, the soul
Bows down unto all passions, surgent, powerless,
And lets the foam waves lap, all climbing even
That out of all, the ages wake and bless,
Redowered man until he find his heaven!
Let waves compassion, make ye no more plaint,
Where is the gateway of the furtherest seas?
No more control will let ye ebb and faint,
I watch the gateway far across the leas!

I have no yearning for aught else beside
Abyssmal calm,
O senses no more strive
To hold the gold bowl, in the wandering sea—
For oceans, upon oceans yet
Shall roll
And make my soul,
Not thee!
I shall forget,
O ye five girls, that whirl,
About our world,
And comfort take from me—
And grow almost unto one golden girl—
That tempts with voice, and touch, and lips vermillioned in
their curl,
And ears that listen to the shells the level deep has
held,
And smelt the sea-weed matterous drift, and balm

That the Sargasso sea has taken—and the seas to the far
south ride—

Wherewith all things are created, that in ye can be alive!

Pallid Sleep bend down,—O bend down, to the Gulf in the low
set tide—

Lift! Arise with me, to the languor where all is kind,
These girls at last shall fail, as the waves with thee defied—
Thou Sleep! thou consumer of Sense, that gathers and drifts to
mind!

Spatulent Gulf Stream

Wreathed with white wave foams, that crown the white head
of old Dream,

Wouldst thou bathe him in blue skies of swell?—

Where bright heaven comes up, and bright hell

Runneth down with a yell?

Wouldst thou mirror him there?

Sound, sight,

As if they were hung with the tiniest globules of motion, and
light—?

The senses recede, and are free,

Yet so pliant they are,

They seem the reflection of star beams, let fall from a star.

For his sight in the foam is not lost, though it be not his own—

For he marks the long predestined sight, of a colour in tone—

And heareth the diurnal earth moan,

With her rotten steep burden of lands, her reciprocal burden
of lands,

Her burden of life rimmed high!

But the sea climbeth too,

It climbeth to touch on the sky:

It holdeth, her dew
Which Dream touches until he stands moist, from his Triton-
ous bath in their air—
Singing songs loose of bearing, and sense,
Now singing on sea-weed strings!
The shells give him odour and scent!
The brine the inherent long taste!
Singing long! singing fair!
He winds the great sheaf on his song, of the waters awaste,
Singing loud! singing far!
He echoes the cavernous bulk stones, with voices he brings
And heaving himself, in a torrent of fret
For a strung instrument,
With murmur of chants from the sybilline sirens departs, and
goes thence,
For sconched ears, set on the strands!—
So the dreams are gathered from ye
Senses of deep!
What we have, in our sleep
Has come out of your burden of weeds,
And your grey mists that creep,
From the will, of our needs
From the sea!

Dead, like a storm that has perished,
Dead, like a mouth that is kissed
And that no longer now kisses nourish,
Over the Gulf creeps the mist:
Tangled as pale lips forbidden
To press in a tender full line—
The tarn of the sunlight is hidden
And cannot more shine!

Down, down, O Gulf Stream! Eddying weight!—
 Lest thy waters now loosen, and climb!
 O curved waves run, like the will of fate,
 Out of the wind of time!

Light, again in the sensate Gulf,
 Light, all over the sea!
 Light,—as if there mystical love
 Hid in the cloak of the foam,
 Purpled with wings of the dove
 Came restlessly home!
 Light as the sun in his prism, kneels on the waters of tide.
 With blessings of infinite wisdom, where curves of his sickles
 abide,
 As the waves of the air, he swirls,
 As the dance of the Silver-Sari, danced by the Indian girls,
 The silver sickle of time here reaps by his endless blight
 The spirit of all of the waters, to spear them, and hold them
 to light—
 With spirals of serpentine cleavure, the Gulf Stream runs on
 to the moon—
 As once, with its pain, and its leisure, its bloodless veins drank
 of the swoon
 Of the Senses, which gave them their pleasure, and wrought of
 them death, as a boon.

YEARNING

THE mountains hang about me, as the thoughts
Which keep my body from thee, dearest love;
How far they reach to Heaven! God above—
They reach, and reach, and then they seem to climb—
As if their highest peaks were arms; I know
'T is best I stay from thee, and yet not so!

THE QUAINȦ HEART OF THE NIGHTINGALE

THE quaint heart of the nightingale,
He knows not, mad, unconscious bird,
The poets dare not sing of him
Unless their songs be calléd trite!
But on a fresh time-summer night,
The memory of Eden, heard
Above the earth, below the clouds,
He wakes the ghosts of hearts, whose shrouds
Are pale as the moon's vapours—pale—
The quaint heart of the nightingale!

SYMPATHY

IS the rough Spring come again?—
With her little green leaves, that suffer their pain,
Twining the mad wind between their hearts' calls
While the rain of April integral falls?
Sympathy—sympathy.

Pale is the white birch, and pallid in grey
The poplar leaves shift to the sun as they sway,
The streams' weeping willow is slender and white,
She lets her leaves fall on the stream in the night—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Wild oak, and maple, and olive forsooth!—
Dark trees aspire as anxious frail youth.
Sucking in juices, with herbous long root
Seeking each other in strangulous moot—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Bark magnetising, with ravenous pore—
Pulp of the pine trees—leaves of the sycamore,—
Spreadings, and sheddings, for coverture free—
Amities whispering, bush brake, to tree—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Motionful bendings of poplar, and birch,
As silver willows the summer streams search—

Sympathy

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Questioning ever sky's limitless face
Regally fallen, under her grace—
Sympathy—sympathy.

O, sap of life, Spring, rough vernal reclaimer!—
Dost thou but weave, as the leaves weave the summer
Hearts in the springtime with lavishing portals—
Green arras hid, from the stringents of mortals?
Sympathy—sympathy.

Workmen, whose hands dig in labour's old sore—
Large hands, besmirched with the earth's clinging gore
Semblant to trees in what they conceive,
One in their breed as one to receive
Sympathy—sympathy.

White hands unused, and pale hands unbidden
In froth of the foam of life hidden, and chidden.
Hands as white leaves, with the green leaves in under—
Mystical hands of a wandering wonder—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Rough lips with orifice ugly, it may be,
But fashioned to press to the lips of a baby,
Lips as cracked leaves, pallid, intersought, tender,
With sprouting young shoots, sent by wistful Spring's sender—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Corporeal lives, with the burden of weavings
Griefs, and self shadows, within their sun sheavings—
Turning to sorrows of others enthrall—
Shiftings of life, in the interstice small—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Sympathy

Blue green leaves soft in their mangonist touch
Deterring the harshness of gnarlings o'er much—
Magnanimous reachers of feels pitying
As marvelling winds with their mouth full of sing—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Seekings for sun under serpentine branches
Seen only as scales, on the leaves' habitancies—
Pursuivant efforts which snake darkness covers
From outward reward, of world unseeing lovers!
Sympathy—sympathy.

Sweatings of brows, as the hot noons of raintide—
Pelted from spirit as sun which the rains ride—
Golden nobility sweats of clod workers,
Heavy with spill, as the dreams of soil shirkers—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Running feet ceaseless, as leaves in their flutter,
Love domiciled with impatience, and clutter,—
Home feet that tend on unreasoning quest
Tormenting of self, for peacemaking unguessed—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Hearts longing with elder reburdenful measure,
Hearts laid away from unmitigate pleasure.
Seeking the joy of a shelter serener
Dusk as the evening leaves draw from the greener
Sympathy—sympathy.

Unfulfilled novices' yearnings and waitings—
Meditative with mood drifts hesitating—



Sappling boughs finding some future eternal
Unrecognised in dispersions reveral,
Sympathy—sympathy.

Balm of the trees, a medicinal quiet
Fall upon doubt, with a subduing fiat—
Sophistic closures of maze inphiltrate
With dove inter-cooings as if to a mate—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Resorting to stillnesses, minds take their covert
With constant appealings to madnesses overt—
As veins of the leaves which in slender forks hold them
Ever resuscitant changure shall mould them—
Sympathy—sympathy.

Crime, daliant cloaked in her scarlet strut gear
As leaves spotted with premature red in their fear
Of oncoming autumns blaze globe flame of glare,
Under the trees makes a riot of air!
Sympathy—sympathy!

Artists who strive for the bread of old Heaven
Finding not that, which by mortals is leaven,
Living in sky, sea, tree, leaf, and flowers,
In sounding of air waves, and shadows of bowers!
Sympathy—sympathy.

They who are list'ning for gnomes in the trees—
If spirits of death may arise at their please—
To mourners' dim ears, and eyes touching as dead—
The sight, and the sound, of the leaves' hearts o'erhead.
Sympathy—sympathy.

Sympathy

All who would come with all burdens of sense—
Grievous hurt lives with their passions immense—
Given for aims, or given but merely
That living by them, may become the more dearly
Sympathy—sympathy.

Inventors, and searchers, who reach at the rim
The unknowable, as the trees searching the dim—
Hearts, as the roots in their primal delusion
Making the vibrating whole of earth's fusion!
Sympathy—sympathy.

Is the rough spring come again?
Here in the world of a larger life's pain?
Heavenly green that shut heaven looks over—
Love is the only narcotic we owe her,
Sympathy—sympathy.



THE NEW GENESIS

THERE was a God once—lying in the East—
And Chaos was about Him, and no world
But grey voluminous vapours; so the heart
Was silent in the God, and only time
The soul-throbs of His being, made Him live.
Then came a change, for He desired. Lo!
The rivers ran with water!—Heaven wept!
And all the lakes and oceans they were filled!
And all the streams and pools were given life.

And He desired, waking from a sleep
Of ages inconceivable, and Earth
Grew and grew green; and seasons, winter, spring,
Summer and autumn took their separate tasks—
And learned to bear their load of forest, marsh,
Meadow and mountain; while the day, and night,
Placed by their brow their brilliant sun and moon
As rounded mirrors to behold themselves.
And lo!—The God desired All! All! All!
And lo!—the God desired and was man!

AN INCENSE SONG

BEHOLD, thou Lord, my songs no more shall greet thee
In plaintive runes of unaccustomed rhyme,
For I have seen the dark blue spaces meet thee
And I have heard Thy heart beat upon Time.

The body Thou hast wrought me is a lyre
And sensitised the clay Thy hand hath wrought!
The yearning heart is vibrant with desire
And her desire is to Thee, and her thought.

Behold, O God! All light and life art of Thee
Praised by the waving censer of the Moon,
Behold for the chaotic soul doth love Thee
Swayed by the finite senses into tune.

Behold! Behold! The Earth and Heaven do know Thee
All of the shackles of the world are Thine—
Behold! For Thine idolaters shall show Thee
By adulation that Thou art divine.

The Human Thou created clay wrought mortals,
An Adam who hath eaten of Thy Tree,
Behold! Like wind they sway Thine open Portals
And, being wisdomed, are but One, with Thee.

An Incense Song

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If weakness Thou doth banish by Thine ardour,
And molten sin Thou drive from Thy create
What large rebellious thoughts shall they not harbour
Being of all, save virtue satiate?

Will they not come and Thee dispel and shatter?
I, even Man, Thee slay, myself to rise?
The jointure of Thy spirit and of matter—
Becoming from mine own self to be wise?

Thou poor, Thou fragile God, some star shall tremble
In its rotation round Thine orb'd throne—
And all the wakened Earths and Hells assemble
In insurrection, for Thou art Their Own.

O Thou most childish God, in pity
If so, I, Man come to mine own by right
Shall I not like a sovereign take Thy city?
And claim supremacy of Rule and Might?

Behold, O God! The Sun, the Sun is falling—
The round ball Thou hast wrought mine eyes to bind
As I to Thee in grown strength am calling—
The light is passing, which has kept me blind.

O Thou, Thou fallen Lord, no more I need Thee—
For am I not Divinity and Love?
If Thy Life 't was I drank, why should I heed Thee?
Thou art below me and no more above.

Watch Thou, I say it was a deed of error
Which made me underneath Thy Rod and Rule,
A vast, primeval Modesty and Terror—
Which made me seem a pupil in Thy school.

An Incense Song

But Man is like Thee, he, shall he not pity—
When he shall enter Thy dominions in
And take possession of thy crown and city—
Thou dust-choked idol, pity Thee this sin.

Shall Man, the Supreme, with Thy court around him
And the blue spaces and the laden air
Not feel exalted pride of birth surround him
And see Thee in his likeness to be fair?


Shall he, shall he not lift Thee in his mercy?
A lonely Monarch while he is divine—
For Thou his secret want, can he disperse Thee
Though shackles of the World no more be Thine?

What is the compensation for Desire,
For Longing and the Will to be afraid
O Thou! Thou answer me! Was Nature's fire
Which burnt in aspiration but to fade?

I need to yearn, O fallen Lord! O fallen!
I crave Thy Secret-Presence to my love,
The morning and the evening star art callen
Yet Heaven is below me and not above.

Thou bend beside me—Man, O Lord and tell me—
Nay, stand Thou, while I kneel before Thy feet,
I claim the right for some force to compel me
That I may see a vision more complete.

This purple robe take from me and this sceptre
That move the spheres that hold the Buddha's dust
When Zeus a human found, he did accept her
That he might pleasure passion and distrust.



An Incense Song

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O Thou—behold, Thou Christian God, I anguish,
Wilt Thou not aid me? Thou?—more vast than they?
For, till the real Christ came all hearts did languish,
Thou—to whom later generations pray.

Behold, behold! for Earth and Heaven do know Thee—
All of the shackles of the World wert Thine!
Behold, for Thine idolaters did show Thee
That by their worship Thou didst seem divine.

Behold, O God! Some passing star may reach Thee
Guiding the wise men to the higher East.
The waving censer of the Moon shall teach Thee
Nature is to Thee, O Lord, as Thy priest.

And I, I, God, shall I not kneel before Thee
With plaintive runes of old accustomed rhyme?
For Thou, my Impulse, shall I not adore Thee
When I have heard Thy heart beat upon Time?

Behold, we stand before the Secret Throne!
Behold, I kneel before Desire to rise!
And with Thee, passing on to the Unknown,
I feel the yearning for a Paradise.

Worship, O God!—
Behold, O God!
Worship, O Lord, behold!

ASCENDING LOVE

THERE are fields of Orange Lilies
Where the hot breezes blow—
In the heart-time, in the throe-time,
Bending golden glory low.
In the heart-time, in the thirst-time—
Where the meadow grasses quiver
Mad Orange Lilies grow
By a river!

Many a throstle, many a word
From some soft brown-throated bird—
Branching music waking midnight,
Meadow music waking day,
Whimpered vows that may be broken,
Whispered promises unspoken,
Hesitancies of mutation—
Waft the Orange Lilies' way.
Mad Orange Lilies grow
By a river!

Musing there alone at evening
When the dusk suppressed the water,
Musing there alone conceiving
That the Earth was Heaven's daughter—

Ascending Love

271

When the very heart did falter
With intuitive believing
That the primal Earth was better,
Than the Earth that men should alter—
Etherised a presence semblant,
By the water with its flow
Passing o'er the bracken bendent,
Bosoms breathing, eyes below—
Hair a-misting,—lips bow twisting—
Dimple cleft the chin astroe—
Bestrewn stamen-astralation—!
Mad Orange Lilies grow
By a river!

Cerise darkness, gash of crimson
Strumpets into orange bode.
Into vine of scarlet gold run
Mazement unafraid bestrode!
Hush, the lapping of the waters
Eyelids droop o'er eyes of sloe—
Petals wither 'neath sun's altars,
'Neath the sun of fire throe.
Syllibants unuttered seethe.
Tethered trees with leaves a-bluster,
Bounden pulses joy bequeath!—
Drench of stars to dimness cluster!—
Mad Orange Lilies grow
By a river!

Bracken waste, O bracken tender
Press with urge her coming feet!
Urge with air her figure slender,
Restrain to still, my pulse retreat—!

Ascending Love

Wanton waste of passion holy
Makes a tryst with melancholy—
Iron manacle of wrist
Earth cut bruises intertwist!
Happy juices! saps of sluices!
By the hungering soil comprest,
Wing away to interloses,
Frightened bird within the breast.
Mad Orange Lilies grow
By a river!

Voice of woman as the wind-drift
When it drifteth over mow—
Of the grasses, in the mowrift,
Tossed by Summer's wilful toe.
Voice for lovers' lip-completion,
For seductive meet of mouth—
Susurrations of repletion
Wassailing the face of drouth!
Sweet fermenting, love concerting
To a draft of skyer dye—
Wilder fantasies inverting
To sound flagon of a sigh!
Mad Orange Lilies grow
By a river!

Love stakes higher than emotions,
His the great immotive mind.
He, the stars of night reoceans
In the darkness man leaves blind—

Ascending Love

273

Tilt the ball of sunlight closer!
Lift the lily as its cup,
Golden cup as Heaven's doser,
Nasceous loot, the ground licks up!
Brown bird on the wing a-quiver,
All the foam of song asplash,
Meadow mourner, sky adorer,
Lifts the lid of evening's lash!
Woman sweeter, heart completer,
Foot-a-mountain as a doe—
Cloud mount than the fire fleeter!
Mad Orange Lilies grow
By a river!

A SOUTHERN ISLAND

HUSH! for there is no light, and the isle like a great bird
Takes flight into the sea—

Listen and watch for the morning word
Yellow, and orange, yet scarcely heard
The sun took over the lea,
And the evening wind has stirred.

How many hours of peace here can we dwell apart?—
Hid by the southern hills, crossed by the southern wave?
A little hour perchance, or long in need of the heart
For the pulse leaps up and reclaims what it had at the start—
Longing, and hunger, and then, fulfilment and strength for the
brave!

Late in the afternoon, the moonflower leaned from her tree
Making her body a trumpet, long, and slender, and white—
She drooped among her leaves as she called to the moon on
the sea.
Arise, O moon, arise, the beeches wait for thee,
And the melancholy tide for thee is filled with light—
Come soon, come passionately!

Here along the main the cedars are red in bark,
The banana bushes are rimmed by a round banana crown—

Waist high under the blossoms, red, and satin, and dark—
The palm to the heavens listens, as the moon to the moon-
flowers hark:

The cacti with the weight of a million thorns leans down
To the sod of the seed-pods mark.

Lovely! The horn of the plenteous ground is full
Of the bounteous mother earth and the burdenous bulbs she
breeds,—

Finger plants that are bright, and scarlet, and brown, and
dull—

A million spices the myriad marsh plains lull

As for their need—

Fruitage the gourd-rimmed cherry, flower, and fruitage, and
weed—

Air-vines soft and clamorous, grey as the seaweed's mull.

Soft! For the air itself is full of its own long call!
Heavy as air can be, a parasite of the south,

Heavy about her body like a vaporous cloak let fall,
Perfumed with white of lilies, slender, and supple, and tall,

Or as a kiss of the fire on the lips of an untouched mouth—
Weird, delirious, motionful, contagious, and nurturing all.

But the land like a great bird swings
Its train into the deep—

The feathery deep of its level—is as bird on the edge of its
wings.

Watch! For the black and the blue bird circle, the red bird
sings,


And the sparrows twitter in sleep,
And the land bird flies and is gone, in the cover the darkness
brings.

Who is it that lies
Like a gourd across my door?
 With her two red breasts, and her skin like an oily cocoanut
 rind?
Has the moon forgot to shine, and the darkened clouds grown
 more?
 The white leaves by the wind
Are shaken, and now in their heart are sunken her eyes!

 Yet, why should I not forgive
For there in the heat of the noon
 She brought me cherries, and moonflowers stemmed from
 their tree?
Even life that is kindly must torture to make us free—
 And the moonflowers and cherries are lying struggling to
 live,
In the still where the shadows swoon.
 And from the sky comes a piercing long shaft filled with
 light
The created pinion that brought
 The end of my thought,
And lulled me to sleep with the night.

 Where is the nest of the lands? O is there an island more?
Deep was the soul's content, desirously fulfilled
 Ere the hour disappeared, and we lost the wake of its shore,
Spaced in an ocean of anguish the shoulders of Atlas bore—
 Child if thou wilt!—
Thou canst return with evening, as surely as before!

 But the island nest is empty, the last of the lands has flown,
And I shall be gone with the spring, when thou shalt returned
 there be



A Southern Island

277

For I wander north, and northward, where the piteous wind
has blown,
My mind from the lure of fruitage, of flower, and grass,
and tree,
Though the south shall hold for ever the bird in its ecstasy!

A SOUTHERN SCENE

SILENTLY before the cottage door
The tidal-river seeks the boundless sea—
Within the distance, where this silver lea
Withstands the ocean's pressing waves no more—
But yields unto the flood force monarchy.

Silently upon the silver strand
That just divides the waters meeting here—
Silently upon the waters near
The moonlight shimmers, in a golden band
Mirroring the moon, the moon of southern land.

And up, and down, the tidal river roam
The murmurs from its waters yearning still,
To pass the banks on the seaside and drill
Through the cold sands, and reach their ocean home
While through the dark there cries the whippoorwill.

Behind the cottage lies a tangled space
And there wild vines and trees are interwed—
With rattlesnakes and wayward lizards bred,
And there couched to the ground, the panthers pace
Their path into the distance with sleek tread.

A jungle is far spread—Yet to the west
A crown of trees, with soft white blossoms fair

A Southern Scene

279

Are waving silently, now here, now there—
It is an orange grove on the low crest
Of a small slope the planters raised with care.

And in the sky above the placid moon
A thunderstorm is brooding, passing slow
Clouds meet each other and then onward go
As if repenting of their wrath, nor soon
Will break the storm upon the world below.

Since yet the very loveliness of light
And rains that brooding ever never fall,
Throw a cast uncertainty on all
The beauty of the southern tropic night,
That deeper the rapt senses will enthrall.

A life is on the river—on the land,
In undertides, and in the silent grass
That groweth lazily where sunbeams pass,
And yet it is alone, without command
The fervid heat breaks on the heart alas!

The moon has now arisen to full grace
And in the orb'd whiteness of her heart,
Rising above the stars I see, there start
The mirrored light on thy own brow and face—
Shining for me, more softly where thou art.

The southern stars are now adrift—arove—
With light that reacheth low upon the stream
Its water bearing on the golden beam.
And from the jungle and the orange grove
Descends a subtle perfume and a dream.

THE TRANSFORMATION

LEAFLESS none of the year
Stands the tamarind tree—
Older by far than the other trees that appear on the lea—
Old as the ocean itself, for its leaves like drops of the foam
Slender and green, on their cycle of branches austere
Tangling themselves reappear—
Longer than doubt and than darkness this trunk stands alone
And the leaf of it blooms all the year.

Now is it planted away from its Indian home,
And the African shore does not bathe it in floods of the Nile,
It waits for me here, in my garden, where stranger trees roam
Through the sod with their roots, and to Heaven with con of
a smile

On my lone southern isle—
Around it fidelios walk in a white stemmed row
With their gossamer leaves one looks through,
They protect it or marshal it on
As a grove of young maples a yew,
And I hear with no sound how they talk to the tree
And do cheer it with hands underground!

Moody this morning, I came here myself to find ease
With the heart of the trees—

The Transformation

281

Before the young dawn, like a young saffron ghost had out-
spread

Her tent overhead,

For I marvelled, and needed the sight and the sign which
befell

On bark things like a message, sent down to their region of air,
For all night had I woke with my spirit, and seen the dreams
fail.

And my mother—the fair—

Nature, I said, should revive and should bring me some com-
fort to tell—

Some understood meaning of passage, some unction or spell,
That I further might turn from my mood.

And lo 'neath the tree

There came comfort, and secrets that speak

In the silence where tongues like convolvulus blossoms grow
weak

In their easure of sense—

For the tamarind tree

With its mighty grave force had leaned unto me—

As the sky might lean down from a heaven intense,

Or the sun take a pity to sea,

Or an age that was passed should come over the dream of a
man

To speak him the wisdom he sought,

As a bell, like a thought

Which the waters of life as an essence o'er ran!

Thence, there I lay down in the noon,

For I could not behold

The richness and rapture of sky, which was merging to gold.

The Transformation

And the sod by the roots of the tamarind tree, leant me grace
Of a sweet resting place,
And I slept, till the hour when the dreams of the noon lost
their form,

And the long afternoon came to pause, and around
The fidelios circled like maidens of midnight and morn!
And from out of the tamarind comes such gold wine
That it seems a libation, I drank to the good of each vine
And all that had grown about me, till once more I sank
In silence superb, at the trunk of the tamarind tree.

How much stranger the silence by night, as I stand by my
door!—

For the sun like a master, led day to his chamber of light,
And the dusk winds outpour
From the billows that sing of the west,
Or rustle, and seems to unite a calm to a balm,
As if drooping fans, waved through the space
Where the tamarind tree with its under-caught boughs inter-
lace

The rift of the essence of sense which doth steal o'er the place,
Making most unto me, the changure to evening,
And joy of the kith, and the kin, of the trees which I long for,
and feel from within.

I have told my heart's burden to them, I am glad, I am free!
By companionship sent by the crown of the leaves, and the
brow

Of the olive green wonder, more mystically olive turned now
From the tamarind tree!


While fidelios keep their circle to marshal me sleep!
Yet Naena where art thou? Come close
For the time of the tide of the day nears its end,



As small as a drop in a pool, till the wind and the cool
Bring it back to our circle of light
Which shall circle again—
O my negress, draw nigh, for the crown of the tears of the day,
 kept the last tear from pain!
I would hear the broad sigh
Of thy bronze breast, that seems like the main!
Come near to my ear, as the breasts of the earth which retain
The slow call of her birth, and renewing them thus, in her high-
 est formed creature of will,
Re-echoes it still!
And O Naena thy head I would have to bend over thy knee,
When my head in thy lap, thou shouldst sing me to sleep as the
 tree!

White as the call of the moon to the tide,
Or the call of the moonflower is to the moon,
The space of the land like a leopard leaps wide!
And the verge in the succulent spill of the gloom
Seems bordered with cacti but thorned in their bloom,
In the dark 'neath the moon!
And I feel, in their sphere where the red cedar lies,
Thy mouth, must have bred a strange juice from their shape
Like the line on the leaf of a southern grape-vine,
Or thy languorous eyes, with their cape
Of down drifting lashes that curve to their drape;
Thou must somewhere be lost twixt the palm, the palmetto, or
 pine.
Darkness brooding, and darkness nigh,
Lifting above to its upper space—
Then nearer the ground where the trees climb high
Is a network of shadows and shade, like lace—

For the will of the night has no will to look down
On the lonely desolate under-place!
Far aloft are the hills of the cedar more high,
And the waters more low,
Where I hear their tone through the faceless winds as they
 wander below,
And the finger plant burns, and the air moss grows dry:
O Naena, come in, for the tamarind tree
Seems more heavy with will austere.
I feel it has thoughts, of my will that must go
Back to the year where it first did grow,
A long lost Indian year—
It is dragging me with a heritage
Of hands that forget the thoughtless age,
And I seem like a dust in its face to blow,
Gathered again by the winds of chance.
Beside its trunk a form bends low,
I cannot behold or speak its trance,
“Nay, who art thou grave form austere?”
She slides round the trunk and is swiftly gone
And now in her place has a change occurred
For some one stands whom mine eyes have known
And though she moves not, and speaks no word
It is thou, my negress, my fear hath stirred!
O Naena why art thou there? Come away
For the tree is changeful, by night and day,
And growing so perfectly all the year through
Must have a secret to keep, unkept
By the leafless trees that in autumn are swept
Dry and barren to bark,
Till one hark,
The tall sky walking them through—



LINES

AT the time when the wet rain languors
And the round dews grow thin
A couch for thee shall be vapours,
Let thy soul lay thy body within!—
Over the dark sea marshes
Where the foam of the wave is a bride
To the seaweed brown, cold, lying
Upon the glistening tide—
Where the waves long spent, once silvered
Are the ashen of dead rose leaves,
And the heart of the mighty ocean
From the distant land slope grieves,
There shall come a tone of music
Which will make our lasting cry
The lovely weight of sinking
Through the slippery sands where we lie.

O not ours the aspiration,
Nor the giddy glow of the height!
In the dark was formed the creation
That budded to bending night.
Thy paleness saffrons the glory—
The dim long reach of thy hair
Softens thine eyes' endeavour,
O let mine eyes rest there!

My head, from thy slim round shoulder
Droops to thy crested breast,
There shall my wild lips seek thee
And there at last shall they rest—
Thy voice with the will of pleading
Grows weak to the mad lost naught—
And O, in the depth of our feeling
Should there again come thought?

Dearest heart, let us hunger to dreaming
Till we lose what never was won,
The palace of God above us,
And the lasting heat of the sun.
By the pale blue lake of the forest
The pale blue harebell grows—
And sleep will bring the poppy
To opiate our repose—
Far from the maddening transport
Of Babylon, and Myrrh,
Let us still the endeavour
That never brought forth her—
Cold are the ashes of Cæsar,
And Cleopatra's fame
Is only the woof that tangles
The ghost of her lovely name—
The roots are waiting the branches,
And the faint troublous star of dawn
Will see that we, like the ages
Are bidden to begone.

O lovely semblance feel not
The plea of the spirit's hand—



Open thine arms, and live not,
And do not understand—
See on a brow, the garland
Of leaves are mixed with clay!
And even the bird now singing
Oblivious is of day!
Calm in the blessed failure—
The incomplete made sure—
Follow the will of all lovers,
The passion and the lure.

The purple hills are waiting,
The green fields swept by wind,
The calling of the waken,
These things are left behind.

THE LITTLE SCAR

L O, what is this upon thy wrist
Thou new-found Love of mine?
A little scar, like a purple star
Where the blue veins intertwine—
Upon the wrist, below the kist
Shell-shade palm of thy hand—
Where the white of the skin is a sky made pure,—
Give me to understand?

Far and wide over waste and moor
Long as the land might be,
Have I held a pipe to my full red lips
To call for the lips of thee—
Till the shadows fell on the couch of night
To pillow the Darkness' head,
And the dew-eyed Day, had wandered away
Dreaming her Sun was dead—
And the Moon came up as a fair light may
Over the famished land—
But this little scar like a purple star—
How comes it upon thy hand?

I thought thee white as the driven snow
That fell on the autumn's flame,
And it brought the spring of imagining
Back when with thee it came—

For in my thoughts have I held thee fair,
And have sought thee far and wide—
As a banished man, with fever can
The thirst of a native tide.

Yet, is Life a thing of Fate?—
For the Little the Great breeds,
And closed is the gate immaculate
If the bloom be the dye of the seeds.
Nor the sun shall shine, nor the moon divine,
Nor the planets wake which are seven,
If a little scar like a purple star
Can banish from man his Heaven.
Would, O would, in the endless not
That we should be forgiven,
For what has been cannot be forgot
In the plane of the Pleiades even.
For Man who is lower than Heaven far—
Shall never understand
The little scar, like a purple star
On the white of a woman's hand.

ACHEON

I SAW the great Acheon, artist, sage,
Mounting the paths of knowledge, and the soul,
And I did ask him, "Whither goest thou?"
Simply, in the way the systems roll
About their sun, from out his bearded age
He answered, "Child it is to Heaven I go."

The stars were lit on the grey cloaking night,
The miniature stars, the fireflies on the grass—
And through the dimness, I beheld his face—
"To Heaven," I said, "What mean'st thou?" Then did pass
A flush about his cheek, and sprang a light
Within his eye. "To Heaven, child?" "To grace."

The moon arose and from the dark abyss
Of pine trees lay her head upon the sky
In open splendour—"Night is but a thought
That clouds our vision when the moons pass by."
Acheon said, "And in such guise as this
It is at length the universe is wrought."

Thus ended so our talk. And he at last
As if his words were driftweed on the shore
Ended his speech, and in the still

His voice for me was silent evermore.
Across his wide browed face a glory passed,
Concording death and the eternal will.

* * * *

My God, to finger a dead woman's face,
To let wild kisses fall in her deep hair,
To feel the power of sex in death, to grow
Dumb to the force of all premeditated prayer!
And yet above oneself, to feel the grace
Of this, nor pondering have the right to know.

Acheon knelt, then with his large swift hand
He touched her hem, a feather's weight of touch
The dampness from the water of her gown
Burnt him like fire, he, inoculate,
Until the fire of contact so brought down
Upon his soul a longing overmuch.

He held her hand, he breathed upon her feet—
His ear fell on her bosom, and his eyes
Sunken on hers forgot the sights he saw.
Such is first passion. From without came cries
Of children all unheard, who passed the street,
Such is desire for life, and such its law.

He rose, and lit two tapers standing by,
To place them at the altar of her head—
He took her hands, and bathing them in tears
Wiped the lake slime from off their palms instead—
He folded the large white arms still and high
Upon her breast, above the beat of years.


He hunted till he found a linen sheet
Of coarse wrought texture, then with gentle pain
He wound it o'er her body, her drenched hair
Hung to the side, he fixed with tender care.
He tilted the head till the chin reposed,
And closed her eyes to never wake again.

The children entered, motionless they stood,
A brooding flock of geese from out whose throat
No echo rung, till her child reached the bed,
And the small arms were round her neck and float
Of black curls on her breast. "My God, O would
I too were as thy child!" Acheon said.

He put the child away in tender wise
And then he rose again, and while the throng
Of small guests stood all motionless, was he
Unconscious of their presences for long—
Bent he his eyes once more upon her eyes
Finding within them now eternity.

Then passed Acheon onward from the tomb
Telling to all he saw, what he had seen—
And some believed him, others called him mad,
But knowing well the thing had only been
A revelation to his soul, he had
No passion left in anger to consume.

And so he blamed them not; men seemed to him
But torches for the soul, which lit, or still
Unlighted, in the end should find their light—



He laughed if they laughed, bent unto their will—
Wept if their eyes for his own grief grew dim,
And if they half saw—saw he with their sight.

O God, what was his greatness? To live life
As if it were the future and the goal,
To lose himself in being, nor aspire
To reach beyond the uninitiate soul;
To take from others but what they could give
Ever returning to them something higher.

* * * *

No eulogy can rise to praise the good.
Their happiness lies in their constant strife
To better grievous hurts, and uncontrol,
Their thanks are oft to be misunderstood.
He painted the one picture of his life
Upon the canvas of a human soul.

* * * *

O lest my songs should desire a lyre
Let me lie in the hills all day—
And bathe my brow in a brook of fire—
And pluck green myrtle and milk kind spray—
For lo I lie underneath the sky,
Nothing can take it away!

TOWARDS THE STARS

O SPACE, that as a mother to a child
Leans thy fair brow! O beatific Time!
O Heaven that falls on man's ear as a vow
Uttered in secret silences sublime!
O ethers gloriously eclipsed to now!
O runnels from the belt of spheres bend low!
And white moon's fragrance like an orison,
Bend down—come down—lean o'er our world, as so
The night her Nubian arm doth rest upon,
Rest ye Exalted Essences for lo!
The earth waits for ye, with a lap of snow!
The low sod grovels, and then learns to grow,
Groping for spring for ye. In winter's prime
The great birds dip their wanton throats in rhyme,
And out of stillness come with rhythm wild,
For ye! Descend then, have a pity sweet—
The grass upholds unto the roof to meet
Her tenderous blades, descend O undefiled;
Summer for ye has garnished her round dome.
Descend O elements about whose feet
Winds as the tendrils of the air make moan,
Man has for ye a need that brings him home,
Further his discontent to call ye nigh,
The creature of a moment's wonderment
He stands, and gazes on the nightly tent,

And at the orb transmuted to the sky,
Nor dares he question, lest his voice should cry
All the past ages emptied dissonant!
Come show him kinship, with your garments dipped
In plenteous ocean, where the twilight sipped
From sun bowl painted on with wine deep dye!

Bend, and come down, across the withering slopes,
The withering slopes that wish for your descent,
Because all things must meet to make them fair:
Surely, a chosen place has lambent air?
Naught can her latent ways of naught defer,
She parts the dim fulfilments from their hopes,
Heaven and Earth are disengaged by her,
Her dewless pollen is on mountains sent
For they grow pregnant in their solitude,
And round their crown the spaces are as far
As round the seas, and meadows, which still brood
Waiting for the eclipse of some long star
Hung in the vertex far!

The slow great withering slopes loom, and expand
By distance fanned,
And weary as the bird upon the wing
The winds die round their lonely harbouring,
As if they also sometimes ceased to sing.

O slopes then whyfore wait ye for this boon?
Know ye not yet, the spaces shall be far?
Have ye forgot that Time is lost from tune,
And Heaven hung above the fartherest star?
Do ye not well remember, Ethers came
Between the lily, and the ancient flame,

To part the shame dust from the seraphim,
Or mocked ye never at the deep sea's rim
To part from ye the Dipper and the Horn?
O wondrous orbs like Death, serene, and sad,
None marvel that ye hide your face from morn,
Whose blatant passion is a thing unglad
To those who drink the beaker past the brim
And fail, with life's eternal recompense
Viewless in the immense.

Therefore ye Elements, whose ways are set
Above compassion, pass; and withering slopes
Look elsewhere in change, and chance, for hopes—
If all the lost blue like a bird should fall
Ye should not hear a murmur, nor should see
A sign more bright on Buddha's enshrined wall,
Nor yet the manger hid in Galilee,
Nor any fond cloud have a voice to call,
In else save thunder's omnipresent glee!
Mark, how ye murmur to a dewdrop's lips
"Respond," but in the fullest sun it grows
A thing of vapours. Even before the pall
We are accustomed, to our lean eclipse,
Forgiving Nature, for her weals, and woes.

So space I would not have ye bend so low,
Nor lose from airs, your help where they may grow
The precious stems of bliss. Nor Time, O thou
Who hast the danger of Eternity,
Falter a moment on the cliffs of Now!
Or Heaven spread a speech for euphony!
But let me sleep, sweet stars the while my brain
Is fraught with ertia, till I swoon in pain!—

Let me imagine that each light may fall
From habitude exultant, upon all
That wills to have it near, still can withdraw
The groping hand from light, as if to twine
Again upon itself, that some dear vine
Of circles may rewreathe it to that law
Of the supernal! Nearer come again
The long preheritors of destiny!—
Joining the sky and ocean as one sea
Shall stretch their way by climb, and climb, to be
Nearer to what calls to them from the main!

Harder it is in higher light—in more proximity
To crevice use to our futility,
And yet we rise! We rise! We see! We see!
To moon and sun and skies,
And as a tree
Shadow the loose beams, which descend from ye!

Ah nay, no slumber crowns the balm of pain,
The great consumer of our lethargy.
We would not sleep—imagining ye to find,
But rather would we sweep across your main,
As in a storm the gullies of the sea
Give forth the spill, and spilth, of all their kind!
We sacrifice
To make again, our own heredity!

We grow more wise, and twine our own skies round,
We shall become as gods! 'T is memory
That for so long has kept us from our own.
Such echoes as affect our circumstance
Have made our consequential failure sound

As Circian trumpet blasts across the sea
Between this life and Heaven! Wake, be free!
Forget how long the toil has been for tone!
Till we could cry across the steep hills' trance
Across the withering slopes to power, and sight!
Forget the tenure of the outlived night!
Forget the claims which have our weak wills bound
Unto the ground!

Let dispelled records of the passing, lie,
When they have served our aim,
To show how progress came,
How from the sod, the stalwart man walked high
And pressed upon the eagle in his flight!
For faster in the far air of the sky
We shall assume our change, until behold
A moment is our mould!
A cloud our dye
By which we are distinguished, and passed by!

O soul, what are the withering slopes again?
Not the thick mountains of predestined doom,
By which both Abel and his brother Cain
Are kept with spotted children in the gloom,
Nor the gold apple-eating sons of Eve?
Not Nomad sepulchres nor still the tomb
That opened on the third day, as a womb
Ready to let the child of spirit forth?
They can obscure the stars' light by no troth—
But shelter earth, until by our own will
They call on us to mount!—They do distil
The balm of spirit, where the heart is wroth!

THE WHIRLING ATOM

A WHIRLING atom, through the will of space
Circled the nebule which times embrace,
Came past the will of stars, and time, and change,
Looked on the ocean, and the lands that range
The comet worlds above, and far, and wide,
The alienation of great Heaven's tide—
Sank—and became a face:—
It wore a veil so barren, and so thin,
That some who saw, saw not that there within
The human was, till from the dark came sin—
Stole in the eyes, as joy around the skies,
Dropped on the mouth—then this strange face, did win
Again its impulse, whirled, and whirled, away!

TO A CHILD

STRANGER, why hast thou come from balmy sleep
Whose kingdoms are the stars that drowse and burn,
To habitate the body's ancient keep
Wherewith thine eyes can but as twin eyes turn
Their pleading wonder back insatiate?
Why not the white moon's rays inhabitate,
Whose death was ere the cycle of thy birth
Quitting this life, through which thy members pass
Into volition in revolving earth—
Why hast thou come to be with us alas?
Yet, we rejoice, and thank thee, for thy fate,
Kiss thy small hands and feet, forget thy soul
And let thy tender-hearted mother have
The right to hold thee to the cup of love,
Witting not thy detention from thy goal,
To which thine elders struggle for above,
Treating the infant as a glowing wave
Upon the ocean of humanity,
That here may break, and there may cease to be,
Yet goeth on unto the hidden grave.
Yet, Child, be thou content, and do not mourn,
Now are the gates all shut from whence thou came—
Thou art incarcerated, and thou art born—
Soon shall baptism chain thee with a name
Which henceforth we will use to call thee ours,
And ere long, thy soul glowing as of flame,

Held as the chalice of the petalled flowers
 Within the body's ashes, shall creep forth
 And once again resume an entity.
 Thou shalt be decked in white flesh, as the north
 In snows of winter holds the burning Pole,
 And if thou dream, thy dreams shall not be more
 Than slight man's vagrant yearning for the soul.
 Thou shalt assume a mind, to comfort thee,
 And a torn heart, to lie thy ways before—
 Lest thy now lost existence fret thy clay
 This heart of thine shall then be given pain,
 Thine eyes be given sight of night and day,
 Thy vagrant mouth a speech most frail and fain,
 And prayers, and tears, and sighs, shall guard thee
 round,
 As thou dost grow to suckle thine alloy,
 Faint passion shall have voice, and touch, and sound
 And if thou lend thine ear to antique joy,
 Which is the aureole above man's wound
 Thou shalt be glad perchance, in thine employ,
 Force me not more than this, to vouch to thee—
 For speaking of thyself, I tell thee all
 Which may have import to thy life's decree,
 Not one least sunbeam shall about thee fall
 Unwittingly, nor rain-drop seek the sea,
 Not one germ grow without thy knowledge, nor
 One seed without thee blossom to its pall,
 All wisdom of the earth is thine, therefore
 O happy little child be glad and free!
 Consequence is a secret to us all
 Beside its will all else is fugitive.
 But being so, can be discerned and seen,

To a Child

All the great summer stumbling into green—
The winter seasons in which we do live—
Promising spring's and autumn's echoing blight—
Darkness, dew time, and light.
O tender One, not ready yet to climb
The ways of chance, scarcely so strong to creep,
Whose grown soul holds the excess of time,
Life's consequence in death, and greater sleep.
Flaunt all the angels with their clumsy wings!
Take for thy rattle earth and all its bells!
Chew on the world, and for thy rubber rings
Have thou the endless heavens and their hells!
Take for thy playfellow a piece of space,
And let man, as thy elder brother run
Playing for thee his game of tag and race,
With thy rebounding ball, which is the sun!

ODE TO YOUTH

THIS is my song, I lay it at thy feet
O thou so opulent in trust, O youth!
In strength and will!
As a cub-lion, nurtured in the spring
On spiritual lilies, whose gold cup
Was strangely given,—sweet,
As Mary Mother, her most heavy child,
Deep wells of truth,
And in their whitened bodies, could hold up
The blessed flesh and blood for some such thing,
As beast of forest—earth, and braken-Nature wild,
To feed upon, and still be undefiled!

How loud a tone will pierce the heaven's assault
Or cleave above the shrill bird on his wing?
Thus, would I move
The pale lips of my voice to cry of thee,
Louder than some harmonious bassoon,
Or weary water falling passionately
From mountain gorges to the crushed ground,
Or sky ascending rocket to the vault,
Since life, of thee, has every need to sing
The early burden of her tender love,
The while a pauper, barter I the sound
'Twixt Sun, and Heaven's will, and the desirous Moon.

Yet still how lowly in my song am I
Who can no more than stir perturbed calms
To multitudinous shallows
Of sounds, that echo through acoustic spheres,
Or touching here and there a freshened note
That intervenes mute music, make aware
Thou, of my pleadings for thy blessed alms?
Letting the tendrils of thy hair afloat
Upon my senses, spell the sense of prayer,
And lingering on my words convey its dye—
Whispering softly of a light, that hallows
Thy lighted eyes, till mine be filled with tears.

Yet it is much, if I could speak of thee!
O how like a pine forest is thy hair!
Thy hapless eyes
Happy, in their imprintment of thy dreams,
Thy brow the whitened beach for thought's loose tide,
Thy cheeks a moor of berries, brown and red
Blent to their juices, for thy veins' disguise,
Thy lips, like sunset when to crimsoned streams
It folds, so is the pool of thy speech wed
To silence, where thy wise communions bide,
The line that thy full strong chin glorifies,
Thy neck that holds aloft these gifts to be.

O youth, how could a mortal voice be found,
Communicant with heaven's highest aim
Of beauty binding art,
To mark for thee the paths which are thine own,
To clasp thy hand, to look upon thy face,
And for thy childhood's custom let thee go;
Where standing on a luminous mountain place

Life shall be seen by thee, self willed alone,
Where unto thee, the thunders shall acclaim
Their lordly noise of being, and the Hound
The howler of the stars be heard below,
For thou art elemental, and apart.

Yet on earth's ocean wilt thou find thy peace,
The blue entanglement of space and tone
Will girt thy soul,
That wandering forth into the Stygian years
Belted the lands around their slender waist
To guide the present's heave, upon its shore!
For it is kin to thee, and part thine own,
And ere its mutability shall cease
Famine shall be succumbed, chaos, and tears,—
There since by wonder all shall be defaced,
The primal earth at last shall rise from war,
While the sun spheres her bosom pole to pole.

But I know well the metamorphosis
That thou must, day by day, play on perforce—
Therefore my song may cheer
Thine ageless soul, with comfortable truth—
For when thou art apparelled in thy joy
My heart leans lowly to thee in remorse,
Although I worship also with alloy!
My arm would pillow thy dear head asleep,
My thought would cover thy dissembled bliss—
Thy tortuous vigil I would pass forsooth—
And light thy tapers for thee all the year—
And kneel at sacramental shrines and weep!

Ode to Youth

Still, thine own burden is thine own to wear
As night her cloak, O individual
Thy shoulders are
Caressed, by some such weighty hands of light
As if on every finger were a star,
That none dare cast them from thee, lest thou turn
And miss the kingly vision of that face
Hidden in lovely wilderness of night,
Where thorns are loath to lie below the hair,
And eyes unfolded truth had made to burn,
Or thou should'st carry all the miraged earth—
As some unconscious evening, Atlas shall
From wider death unto serener birth.

None shall forget who once have seen thee pass!
For, thy remembrance cannot swiftly die,
Nor thy face fade,
Which like a vernal effort of the May
Is hung with bloom, while from the season's sun
Shall slowly grow thy fruitage of July!
Therefore with trophies let me trim thy praise,
If praise were well, from me to thee, alas,
Whose harvest shall be sooner reaped and done!
I sun myself within thee unafraid
To crown thee, with the laurel of thy day,
And the rich wisdom of thine elder days!

OUR DESIRE

WHY look thee, thou hast come, while I had thought
Thou never could be born from mothers' wombs,
By which our tenements of clay are wrought
For purposing our souls across the glooms
From women burdened births, to earth enburdened tombs?

All of us come with fragrant hearts franchise,
Therefore are we expected like the spring—
Prepared our welcome in our mothers' eyes—
Gaily should every soul arise, and sing,
For welcome done at its frail harbouring!

Yet blind, and lonely, gazing on the sun
Most of us hunger for our life's excess,
Until our latest revelry be done—
Then backwards gaze we, while our wills confess
There was no joy, or pain, to aid, or bless.

So through the dark, we traverse and are bound
To visionary hope, self willed for cheer
Lying beyond our veil of sight and sound,
Whose dimness reaches gravely round the year,
And leans aloft the night's revolving sphere.

Wait phantom, for it cannot be as yet
That thou hast come among our prison ways—
Still are our doubts untutored to forget—
Still crown we with our momentary bays—
Our vacant pleasures, and our wanton fays!

For all about us, is our ghostly dread,
Our superstitious wisdom of the past,
In which engulfed, we cannot look ahead
For we into its armoured shape have cast
Ourselves, and bodies, and our minds, at last.

O thou great soul, behold our afternoon!
We signed our seizure at the midday feast—
Now will come night to darkly chain us soon,
Then will at length dawn light, a lonely priest
To gaze upon a desert in the east.

Were thy birth now, Time would himself have death,
And withered earth lie couching at thy feet,
For the awakening of thy sad soft breath
Which with its tone in heaven, the hours beat
Beneath thy footfall rhythmically sweet.

Yet wilt thou come, and round thy crowned head
I see no aureole or diadem—
No change in Nature, by thy passage bred.
No leaning angels stoop to kiss thy hem,
Nor any flower falter on its stem!

Because thou art, the earth and air abide
Within their rampant beings, still the same!
The pallid moons, across the sunsets ride,
And no bird falters, crying loud thy name,
Thou hast not changed the doubt, nor fear, nor shame!

And yet, thy very promise would fulfil.
A springtime of ripe heaven, rich, and full
Would tint horizons like the daffodil,
Unto the sluggard currents brown, and dull,
Bring ease in rains their beings wake and lull!

Upon the viewless sky, the faceless winds
Should weave such figures in their tapestries,
Which every crimson morn, and evening finds,
Where the dusked shadows swarm like equal bees
And calm the mountains, and the waiting seas!

Thy shade upon the shadow of the world
Should tinge each tinging vision into form,
With so much radiance of light upheld
As makes the light in fanes of fires warm—
And purples in the brooding of a storm.

Preceding years, which revelations told
By thy white hand, pointing to thy self birth
Should all the heavens behind thy mood unfold,
And to the clusters of sidereal dearth
Make motion of star clusters, beyond earth.

Stern wills pervade thy atmospheric soul,
Which on our wills all exultations throw
As the reflections of our frequent goal,
Thy impulse for descent we strangely know
Caught in the web of clouds, that round us flow.

Therefore but lean with charitable touch
Thy heart to ours, and we shall waking keep
Thee all revealed to outlived splendour such
As falls upon us in our dreamful sleep—
Truth!—Which the waves of life about us sweep!

THOU STANDEST NOT

WITHIN my garden blooms life's tree—
Thou standest not beside my door,
Where oft, in fond expectancy
We stood together there of yore.
The ripe fruit offers of its store
To my full lips' sufficiency—
Thou standest not beside my door
Nor is the bloom miraged in me.

The wind touched leaves, sing like a sea—
On the bowed branch the sun rays pour—
The summer from the spring, shall be
More ripe with joy's increasing store.
And all the earth which grieved before
Shall know of earth's regality.
Thou standest not beside my door
But as thou art in memory.

On further moor, and vaguer lea,
On ocean's disaffusing shore,
Where bound waves call their anarchy
With glistening seaweeds dank at core,
On hills to dim horizons swore,
No gladder life is to be free!
Thou standest not beside my door
And winter withers my life's tree.

THE WHITE FLOWER

I CAME within a garden desolate
And there I saw a white bloom swept by wind—
It trembled into birth all unperceived
After the snow had passed, to make the June.
It was the afterthought among the flush—
A yearning for the past, and tears it held.
And yet it grew as vibrant as the rose,
Its tomb was as the shadow in its heart—
The paleness of the moon was in its veins—
The long blue finger shadows of the eves
Entwined its petals—soft as udder-dripped
White milk, that when the sunset had decreased,
Or that which in the hours of the dawn
Is made libation with to humankind,
When man doth bring the cattle from the field
Of pasturage—Diaphanous, and beautified, and sheer,
Almost a nothing—yet in that Divine!

LINES

HEART of my heart, I am free to thee, heart,
Long since I spilt desires with the rose,
And slept my sleep in poppies that depart
With opiate repose
Heart of my Heart!

I am free to thee now, come in, I welcome thee,
The sun took all my fire in his cup,
My tears were tangled with the evening sea
Now they are drunken up
I can forget and be.—

Winds have my will, O sad girl beautiful!
Springs have my pulses where their freshets run!
My wings are in a body moth-skinned, dull,
And as the butterfly's wait for the sun
Heart of my Heart!

Come through the waste, whereon the eagle flies,
And we will watch him as he soareth far!
Within his nest the restless seagull lies,
Within his placement now is every star,
Come back, be wise!

Come back, O wonder of the land and seas!
With hair that breathes the perfume of the moon,
Or seems a wafting swarm of gold-backed bees,
And lips half parted as horizoned noon—
And shoulders white, as warm snow ecstacies.

Come home, and lift and drift me, to mine own.
For like the earth forgotten hearts that beat
Salient, and strangely, in their undertone,
Sweeter than when I sought for so much sweet,
I lie upon thy bosom nor make moan!

The conqueirage of stars long have I tried,
And moulding earth's infrequent will of storm
Have watched the deadly waters as they rise,
And did the soul's insatiate wonder mourn.
Come home—

A GREEK LAMENT

GODS! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity, great ye, on
my weakness!
Laden with weights of Religion, I lean toward Heroic Rebel-
lion,
Sacrifice surging, yet singing the funeral dirge to submission
Leads her away to her bier, where together they both lie as
buried.

Gods! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity, great ye, on my
weakness!
Scented with passions Earth culled, from Hesperides' gardens
—desires.
Hearts are like flame holly buds, dipped in sharp, frozen ice of
December—
Gods! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity, great ye, on my
weakness!

Gods! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity, great ye, on my
weakness!
Losing the wings of my soul, I should fall like an Icarus
drooping,
Ocean heaves high with warm winds spread adrift on the
breast of midheaven—
Magnetised, dreaming herself to be lifted in starlight, and
darkness.

Dawn with her purple brush sunk in an amethyst cauldron of
fire
Paints to the eastward a sunrise, thin-skinned, as a tender
Europa!
Beyond her the scarce hidden form, of a sky-lipped Sunbeam,
and Shadow,
Brother and sister will wait by the couch of their mother
Awakening.

Noon with her sunbeams abreast on the waters Ægean,
Waits for the call through the olive-lulled isle for the evening,
Here on the steeps of Acropolis, waiting the voice of the
midnight—
Gods! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity great ye, on my
weakness!

LINES

LO! Love to bathe for thee thy tired, tired feet.
I heard a low voice calling, "Awake, arise and be!"
Then ere I could the water, in the sky's bowl pour sweet—
My lonely eyes were opened—and I could see.

But still I sang as ever, of thy tired, tired feet,
I long no brow of marble, no cheek of blood to feel,
No eyes to mine sequestered as this I still may meet,
For I have come with balsam, to bathe thy tired feet!

Thy tired, tired feet, what more can seem more real?
Low round the far creation there falls the hearts that beat,
But I, but I remember not, for I must fill my bowl—
I wondered what to fill it from, and then I found control—
To bathe thy tired feet.

The air is soft as linen, the rose it fain would dry
When round about its petals, the morning dews fall nigh—
To make a softer linen, with sun my tears, I try.
And weave them for thy feet—
Thy tired, tired feet.

A DAWN SONG

THE Dawn is up, she wakes the birds!
The fairest dawn I ever knew—
She does not wait for passionate words—
For her small creatures sing to you!

The Dawn is up—the fragrant herds
Of flowers drink the morn stream's dew!
She does not need to wake the birds,
Her silent blossoms sing to you!

The Dawn is up, and she is fair
A lapis lazuli of blue!
My god alone the very air,
Will sing to you!

NIRVANA

A BALLADE

NIRVANA liveth in the thing that dies—
Sleep is laden, full of life's desires
And only earth goes desolate and hires
Her live emotions from the silent skies.
I read the future in the present's eyes
Not there the halls of great Nirvana are
But in the sunken past alone she lies
She was the dust which fell from yester's star!

My heart no more for full cessation cries,
I find her in the dead breaths of my sires,
The future is loud-voiced and ever wise
She sings her psalms, upon full stringed lyres.
I see the light that falls from ancient spires,
My soul there rests, no life is there to mar
The wondrous calm that lucid naught inspires.
She was the dust that fell from yester's star!

Across the Styx to life, Death's oarsman plies
The regal heaven, she herself attires
In sound and beauty all which harmonize
And into life forgetless, sleep aspires—

Nirvana

But in the present still the past expires—
There is the grave which knows not heaven's bar!
Nirvana is the breath of ashen fires—
She is the dust which fell from yester's star!

ENVOY

Let Babylon and Mirve pass in suspires—
They leave upon the earth no stain, or scar;
The regal heaven herself, in life attires,
Nirvana is the dust from yester's star!

IN MEMORIAM

TO-NIGHT the violins around the world
Played on by hands that seek to find joy keys
Are touched with sadness down the four long strings—
Known or unknown there comes the wail of wings,
The resting bows unrosined send a plea,
Silent they lie as if by music held,
A funeral dirge adown all scarfed horns flings—
Of mouth unimpelled breath, of murmurings,
The North Sea to the North Sun tired sings,
With musical complainings, heart-wrung felled,
And Odin still and cold—cons immortalities,
For Grieg is dead.

It is no matter now Concertos lie
On music stand, or closed in cabinets,
The notes are weeping through the clarionets
Of those Archangels who can never die.
The eyes that read Norway's folk-songs are wet,
The voices tuned to plaints grow husked and dry,
And on each music lover's breast a sigh
Proclaims that even breath, cannot forget
One loved the lyric song who has passed by—
For Grieg is dead.

In Memoriam

King Haakon in his palace hears a wind,
Charles Ninth receives one of his ancient breed,
King of the Song of Battle, and of Seed,
Round which the cradle of the North Seas tind!
To every honest, cottaged woman, blind,
Doth come the waiting song, wherewith did bleed
The breast of her, who sang Peer Gynt's soul rest—
Of Ibsen's plaint harboured in his breast
The words the searching melody did find!
For Grieg is dead.

Weep golden sun, whose gold makes constant day,
Weep midnight sun thy fragmentary child!
Sprinkle thy light where ashes are defiled
And laid for an immortal son away!
Forests put on your robes of funeral grey
And let the storm winds on the coast grow mild!
Let mariners a sound hear through the dark
More piercing sad than Tristan's loud dismay—
For Wagner's brother passes! And ye hark
Since nature's voice has now but surf and lark!
For Grieg is dead.

O purple hills of Norway thunder keep!
O statesmen of a growing Nation weep!—
—Commercial progress, starts, empirical,
And from the Norse gods lightning 'gins to fall,
Invention fresh has set her hand on fire,
But while the bugle dies in hut, and hall,
No more the proclamation of the lyre!
Revenge and joy are choked upon the pall—

In Memoriam

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No voice victorious calls, where men aspire,
And battle's tongue is mute within her ire—
There is no heart that cries with heart of all!
For Grieg is dead.

THE END



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30
Denny
Poem

An Earth Poem

Bertha

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